

SEPTEMBER 29, 1917. [PART I.]
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Oakland
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Where else may you find the assort-
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Who else has ever sold as many good coats in Cali-
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for the money, \$19.75.
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Coats with simply huge fur
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Pom Pom suggests Bolivia and like it comes in rich
browns, grays, Burgundies and blues.
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TWO ENTRANCES

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Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

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Milk
From dairies of
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scoring. Crescent
Milk is delivered to
your home during
daylight hours.

It is safest and best
for infants and for the
family because it is-
PASTEURIZED
IN THE BOTTLE

Phone and a
route-salesman
will call at your
door.

Here it is
a new
Noiseless
Toilet
White China Tank and Bowl.
Will last a lifetime. Extra
large opening in bowl. Guar-
anteed seat.
You Can Change Yours
E. J. Surver
Specialists in
High-Grade Plumbing Fixtures.
Display Rooms, 122 & Ninth St.,
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ORIENTAL RUGS
S. M. Constantian
340 So. Broadway
Gold Dust—Porcelain Bats—Crown and Bridge Work—Porcelain Crowns and
Specialists in each branch of Dentistry. Reasonable prices for high-class den-
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Edgar M. Allen, Dr. E. M. Lazard,
Dr. H. M. Rooney, Dr. P. O. Sun-
din, Dr. Donald Skrele, Dr. Ralph
Campbell, Dr. W. F. Millsbaugh, Dr.
E. T. Dillon, Dr. C. G. Toland, Dr.

O. W. Butler, Dr. B. G. Taylor, Dr. C. W. Anderson, Dr. C. W. Cook, Dr. Clarence Moore, Dr. Rea Smith, Dr. J. M. Brown and Dr. W. B. Bowman.

for the relief service, the course having been mapped out as an extension of the University of Southern California. A class of seventeen of these workers is now in training.

The scope of the relief work is

"The absence of a husband, father or son by reason of war service frequently throws the family life out of balance. The purpose of this civilian relief will be to maintain this balance in some way or mean-

...this assistance in every way, by providing financial relief, medical attention and legal advice, and in helping and encouraging the families to keep their normal activities undisturbed notwithstanding the absence of their mainstay."

home on any basis of giving charity, and their relations with families will be of the most confidential nature. There will be no discussion of the work among neighbors, nor will the soldiers' family be subjected to embarrassment. The Red Cross

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.
Following is a list of undelivered telegrams at the Western Union Tele-

graph office: Miss Harriett Allen, Mrs. F. E. Burton, S. C. Byrna, Robert E. Brown, J. Buddee, Richard Chilcott, Frank Curtin, R. S. Danforth, Lafell Fairchild, Charles Grider, R. C. Hubbard, Mrs. L. Lucas, John T. Marich, G. E. Meany, Epita-

eto Menosa, G. M. Pearson, Mrs. Perry, Dr. G. F. Rogers, Miss M. C. Smith, Albert B. Campbell, Shields, Mrs. Pauline M. Saxton, K. L. Wade and William Yobo. At the Postal for F. H. Crossley, W. E. Greenwell, J. O. Hevlich, Angeles Motion Picture Company, J. E. Cornhill and Ralph

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1940

PATTON COMES TO CITY SOON.

Will Assume Pastorate Here November First.

He'll Lead Flock of First Congregational Church.

News of the Religious Work in Los Angeles.

Dr. Carl E. Patton, one of the prominent figures of Congregationalism in America, will come from Columbus, O., next month, and on November 1 will assume the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles.

Dr. Patton was one of a group of prominent eastern Congregationalists—ministers and laymen—recently called to Washington by Herbert Hoover for a conference as to the best methods of bringing the matter of food conservation before the churches of that denomination and to formulate a resolution to be presented to the National Council of the Congregational Churches of America, to be held in Columbus next month.

In referring to Dr. Patton's acceptance of the call to the church here, the Ohio Congregational News says:

"The call is a recognition of the splendid abilities of Dr. Patton, and the church is to be congratulated upon securing so popular and able a leader. Dr. Patton has endeavored himself very greatly to the Congregational fellowship of Ohio. He has with modesty, but with splendid ability and statesmanship, accepted his place of leadership in the affairs of the conference. His messages have been stirring and illuminating. His cooperation has been all that could be asked or desired, and his fellowship has been marked with peculiar brotherliness. While in Ohio he believes that no more commanding pulpit could be offered than Columbus First, which carries a tradition of fluency in the affairs of the commonwealth and world field which Dr. Patton has so fully filled, nevertheless every Ohio pastor and the vast number of friends whom Dr. Patton has made in the churches of the State wish for him very great success in his leadership of the commanding church in the Southwest."

LUTHERAN RALLY.
SEVENTH OF SERIES.

The seventh of the series of monthly rallies in commemoration of the quadricentennial of the Protestant Reformation will occur at 8 o'clock Sunday, October 1, in the Bethlehem Lutheran Church, Fifth and Broadway streets. Ten Lutheran congregations will participate.

The principal speaker will be Dr. Julius Lincoln of Jamestown, N. Y., one of the most able and eloquent Lutheran clergymen in America. Rev. Daniel J. Snyder of Long Beach will preside.

The programs will include: Organ prelude; Invocation, Rev. Nels Hansen, pastor of the Bethlehem Church; hymns by the congregation; scripture reading, Rev. W. B. Dyer; prayer, Rev. J. E. Holck; anthem, Norwegian choir; greeting, Rev. Sigurd T. Sorenson; hymn, "How I Came to Write the 'Unpardonable Sin'"; hymn by the choir; benediction, Rev. D. J. Snyder.

PRO-CATHEDRAL.
A CORPORATE COMMUNION.

A corporate communion service for the men will occur at 7:30 o'clock tomorrow morning in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Olive street, opposite Central Park. At 11 o'clock Dean MacCormack will preach on "A Ten-thousand-dollar Man," and at the evening service he will preach "A Million-dollar Man," showing the place that "I" plays in all human lives.

TEMPLE BAPTIST.
GEN. BOOTH TO SPEAK.

Gen. Ballington Booth, commander of the Volunteers of America, will speak in the Temple Baptist Church, Temple Auditorium, Fifth and Olive streets, tomorrow morning. Special music will be rendered by Harold Proctor, tenor, and William Smith, trombone player. In the evening Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher will preach on "Liam and Goliath." There are so many of them in Los Angeles. The Temple Quartette and the great chorale choir of the church and Ray Hastings will give an organ program from American composers.

FIRST METHODIST.
DR. LOCKE HAS RETURNED.

Dr. Charles Edward Locke has returned from his visit to the East and will preach in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixth and Hill streets, tomorrow morning on "The Christian's Creed." In the evening his subject will be "How Things Look Back East." Special musical features have been provided for both services.

KARENBERG FIRST CHURCH.
BIBLICAL EXPOSITIONS.

The series of Biblical expositions now being given at the First Church of the Nazarene, Sixth and Wall streets, by the pastor, Rev. C. E. Cornell, are attracting unusual interest. The fourth exposition in the series will be given tomorrow morning, subject "The Two Baptisms," or the baptism of John and the baptism of Christ, an interpretation of the third chapter of St. Matthew's gospel. There will be no afternoon service in this church, giving all the privilege of attending the Billy Sunday meetings. At night an evangelistic service will be held, with preaching by the pastor, subject, "The Blessedness of Mourning," the second in a series of evening sermons from "The Nazareth."

ANNIVERSARY.
CHURCH SIX YEARS OLD.

The Vermont Square Christian Church, located at Normandie avenue and Fifty-first place, will celebrate the sixth anniversary of its organization tomorrow. In the morning the pastor, Rev. James R. McIntire, will preach on "God With Us." His evening sermon will be on "The Holy Spirit and Us."

IS BILLY ANTI-CHRIST?
ANALYSIS OF REVIVALIST.

"Is Billy Sunday Anti-Christ or Anti-Devil?" This is the subject that will be discussed by Rev. Herbert Booth Smith tomorrow evening in Immanuel Presbyterian Church. He will give a symposium of opinions and representative impressions will

be given from Ty Cobb, "Ramshorn," Brown, Helen Keller, Dr. Jewett, Pennycuik, J. Ransom, the Freedman's Bureau, an Iowa town ten years after a revival, and a local reformer. An organ recital will be given by Will Garraway at 7:15 o'clock and the vested men's choir will render special numbers.

ORGAN RECITAL.
WEST ADAMS METHODIST.

Clyde Collier will give a sacred organ recital tomorrow evening in the West Adams Methodist Episcopal Church. The program will include numbers from Boellman, Thomas, Wagner, Schubert, Schelling, Horner and Handel. Miss Geneva I. Ryerson will sing a contralto solo and Mrs. Ester Stappan, Frederickson will sing a soprano solo. Rev. W. L. Davis will speak on "Our Circumference." In the morning the pastor will speak on "The Privilege of Remission."

IN POLITICS.
PASTOR WOULD BE MAYOR.

A preacher in politics, a candidate for the highest municipal office in the gift of the people, is something of a novelty. That is what the Rev. Horace Porter, D. D., the popular preacher of Riverside, committed himself to do when he came to that city of the sun-kissed orange groves. For a period of some seven years Dr. Porter has served as pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city, and during that time his congregation has erected here the finest house of worship in Southern California, which stands hard by the Mission Inn as a monument to the power and popularity of the Rev. Horace Porter. Dr. Porter was assistant pastor to Dr. Lyman Abbott in the First Congregational Church of Brooklyn, made famous by Henry Ward Beecher. Recently he has been very active in the "Spiritual Preparedness" and in the evening he will preach on "Unto a More Perfect Humanity."

RESCUE MISSION.
FREE FEED FOR ALL.

A free feed for all who attend the United Rescue Mission tomorrow evening has been provided. A great rally is to occur at the mission, No. 148 North Spring street, this evening. Tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the Bible class will meet, followed by the street meeting, at First and J streets, at 4 o'clock, and a 6 o'clock reading meeting at the mission. At 7:30 o'clock Tom Mackey will speak on "How I Won," and Miss A. M. Galloway will sing.

BAPTIST CONFERENCE.
DR. WARD TO SPEAK.

The Los Angeles Baptist Ministers' conference will be held at 10:30 o'clock Monday forenoon in the Columbia Building, 100 West Third street. Dr. Isaac Ward, a member of the Billy Sunday party, will be the speaker, and there will be a devotionist meeting.

"THE HONOR SYSTEM."
MINISTER TO DISCUSS IT.

Under the topic of "The Influence of Justice," Rev. J. E. Holck, minister of the Church of the People, will discuss Henry Christian Warshawski's sermon, "The Honor System." The service will be held in Blanchard Hall, No. 233 South Broadway, at 11 o'clock tomorrow forenoon. The Rev. J. E. Holck will answer the question: "Why Doesn't Liberal Religion Support Rescue and Foreign Missions?" He will be present and give a short talk on "How I Came to Write the 'Honor System'." A musical program will be rendered by Walden Hastings Olney, baritone, and Mrs. W. R. Tanner, pianiste.

BIBLE INSTITUTE.
IRISH EVANGELIST'S FAREWELL.

Rev. William P. Nicholson, the Irish evangelist, who has been speaking to large audiences at the Church of the Open Door, Bible Institute Auditorium, will deliver his final sermon on "The Unpardonable Sin." Persons who have heard him will need no urging to attend this final service, under his preaching. The great chorus choir, augmented by the singers of the student body of the institute, will enter upon the season's work under the direction of Prof. J. B. Trowbridge, and the men's quartette will sing. Prof. Trowbridge will play the piano. There will be no morning preaching service, owing to his being the morning of the central group of churches at the Billy Sunday meeting. The Men's Bible Class and the Sunday-school will meet as usual at 9:30.

WHERE TO GO.
CHURCH EVENTS TOMORROW.

In Bethany Memorial Congregational Church, Dimes street, near Broadway, Rev. John H. Cooper will preach on "New Wine in Old Bottles." In the evening there will be an evangelistic service.

"A Manly Answer" will be the subject of Rev. W. G. Mills tomorrow morning in the First Presbyterian Church, Third and Hill streets. In the evening he will speak on "Some Questions Answered." Dr. Campbell Coyne will give a sermon on "God's Estimate of Man" tomorrow morning in the Highland Park Presbyterian Church, Pasadena avenue and Avenue 83. His evening sermon will be on "The Love of God." In the First United Brethren Church, Seventeenth street, near Figueroa, Dr. P. P. Roswell will preach tomorrow morning on "The Church and the Crisis of Today." There will be no evening service. Dr. A. E. Gifford's subject tomorrow morning in the Vermont street Presbyterian Church, Vermont street, will be "Great Texts from Second Timothy." "The Salvation of God" will be his evening theme. In Blanchard Hall tomorrow evening on "Science of Self-mastery," with preaching by the pastor, subject, "The Blessedness of Mourning," the second in a series of evening sermons from "The Nazareth."

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ANALYSIS OF REVIVALIST.

"Is Billy Sunday Anti-Christ or Anti-Devil?" This is the subject that will be discussed by Rev. Herbert Booth Smith tomorrow evening in Immanuel Presbyterian Church. He will give a symposium of opinions and representative impressions will

Gower street, Dr. W. F. Richardson will preach tomorrow morning on "The Supreme Beauty of Lutheranism." In the Heights German Lutheran Church, East Second and Dakota streets, Rev. G. H. Brunkal will preach tomorrow morning on "Children." Tomorrow morning in the Christ German Lutheran Church, East Fourth street, between Hill and Figueroa, Rev. J. W. Thies will preach on "Christ and the Sabbath," and in the evening on "The Nineteenth Psalm."

DEFICIT CREATED IN FOUR YEARS.
THIS IS GIST OF TESTIMONY IN NORTON TRIAL.

No overdrafts on Any Funds and Money in Treasury in Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, Says Deputy County Auditor—Accountant Comments on Problems.

Testifying that on June 30, 1913, there were no overdrafts on any county fund and there was money in the treasury, Walter Mallard, a deputy County Auditor, was an important witness before Superior Judge Wilbur yesterday in the case of Superior Court clerk, who is charged by the grand jury with malfeasance in office.

A strong witness for the defense was Walter Mitchell, an accountant for the State Board of Control, who asserted that he had not checked the accounts of the County Auditor, except on one occasion, his testimony drew close attention.

Chairman Hamilton of the Board of Supervisors was on the stand again yesterday morning to establish his testimony regarding the manner in which auditor's accounts are kept. His testimony referred principally to the school fund. Referring to the accounts of the Auditor and Treasurer, Mr. Hamilton testified that the accounts for the school fund were kept in a separate book, and that he had not checked the accounts of the County Auditor, except on one occasion, his testimony drew close attention.

C. H. Plummer, county purchasing agent, was the next witness called. He testified relative to requisitions of the Supervisors for supplies for various departments.

County Auditor Bennett recalled to the stand to give his version of how deficits accrued in the various funds of the county. The trial was continued until 10 o'clock Monday, when Mr. Norton called his last witness, John Wilson, to refute the charges brought against him by the grand jury.

Not Forgotten.
SEEK BIG SUM FOR SOLDIERS' GIFTS.

PLAN TO REMEMBER MEN AT CHRISTMAS IS LAUDED.

Every Southlander to be Sent a Box Containing Delicacies that are not obtainable at Yuletide. Seventy thousand dollars are Needed to Finance Movement.

Seventy thousand dollars for soldiers' gifts is the goal toward which the Soldiers' and Sailors' Yuletide Gift Committee is striving so that every Southlander who is now in the military service of the United States will be remembered at Christmas.

The committee, which has just opened headquarters at No. 443 Chamber of Commerce Building, plans to send every man a box containing nonperishable delicacies, fruit cake and nuts and a traveler's check for about \$2. In the box will be included a suitable letter from friends in Southern California, which will help to cheer the boys who have sacrificed their homes to aid the military establishment of the nation.

The movement is receiving enthusiastic endorsement from every source. Mayor Woodman expresses himself as highly pleased with the hearty response accorded the project.

Letters to the mayors of the cities and supervisors of the counties in the nation are being sent out, asking the hearty co-operation and support of each.

Related to the Conference of Labor and Democracy at Minneapolis, will speak to the social service class at 8 o'clock on the work of the conference.

Rev. Benjamin Goodfield will preach on "The Eastern Gates to the West" tomorrow morning in the Central Baptist Church, Alvarado and Pico streets. The children of the primary department will take part in the graduation exercises. In the evening Pastor Goodfield's sermon will be on "If Today." The organization of baptism will be administered at the evening service.

W. M. Wisdom of New York City will speak before the International Bible Students' Association at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the Friday Morning Club House, No. 940 South Figueroa street, on "The Handwriting on the Wall."

Rev. Henry W. Crabbs will preach tomorrow morning in the Second United Presbyterian Church, Washington and Santa streets, on "God's Ready Man." There will be no evening service.

Rev. John Snape's sermon tomorrow morning in the First Baptist Church of Hollywood, Los Angeles and Normandie avenues, will be on "Assurance," this being the last of a series of sermons on "The Great Questions of Life." His evening sermon will be on "Who are the Lost?"

At Trinity Lutheran Church, West Elchorn and Cherry streets, tomorrow morning Rev. A. E. Michel will preach on "Keeping the Unity of the Spirit." In the evening Rev. J. Kaser will preach in English.

Tomorrow morning in the Hollywood English Lutheran Church, No. 1742 North Vermont street, Rev. Victor Brohm will preach on "Luther at Marburg."

"The Warning to the Church" will be the subject of Rev. E. T. Coyner in the Grace English Lutheran Church, West Vernon and Menlo avenues.

Rev. M. H. Tietjen will preach tomorrow morning in the East Side Immanuel Lutheran Church, North Griffin and Altura avenues, on "Reformation of the Civil Government." The evening sermon, in Eng-

lish, will be on "The Supreme Beauty of Lutheranism." In the Heights German Lutheran Church, East Second and Dakota streets, Rev. G. H. Brunkal will preach tomorrow morning on "Children."

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IN LOS ANGELES CHURCHES

BIBLE INSTITUTE AUDITORIUM.

SIXTH AND HOPE STREETS

REV. WILLIAM P. NICHOLSON
THE IRISH EVANGELIST—SUNDAY NIGHT.
7:30 p.m.—His Final Sermon, "The Unpardonable Sin."
GREAT CHORUS AND MEN'S QUARTETTE
John Bissell Trowbridge, Director; Chas. Howard Marsh, Accompanist.
9:30 a.m.—Men's Bible Class and Sunday-school.
THE PUBLIC MAY ENJOY 4000 FREE SEATS

THEOSOPHY.

United Lodge of Theosophists
FIFTH FLOOR, METROPOLITAN BLDG.
6th and Broadway—Public Library Bldg.
SUNDAY, 8 P.M.

"The Ocean of Theosophy"

Friday, 8 p.m.—"Sleep, Dreams, Death."

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Foothill end of Vista del Mar avenue, Hollywood. Public lecture every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Good music. All welcome. Ask for program. All branches of Theosophy taught in the Institute. 2738 students each year. Campus, California and Library open to the public daily. Theosophical literature on sale.

EPISCOPAL.

CHRIST CHURCH
Twelfth St. and Flower.

Rev. Baker P. Lee, Rector.
7:30—Early Holy Communion.
9:30—Sunday-school and Bible Class.
11:00—Morning Prayer and Sermon.

"Over the Top."

No evening service.
Strangers and visiting Episcopalians welcome.

ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL
11 A.M. A \$10,000 Man
7:45 P.M. IF OR A NIGHT-HAVE BEEN

St. John's Episcopal Church
Rev. George Davidson, D.D., Rector.
Services: 7:30, 9:30 and 11:00 and at 7:30 p.m.

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Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, D.D., Pastor.
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REV. HORACE PORTER, D. D.
OF RIVERSIDE WILL PREACH.

11 a.m.—"Spiritual Preparedness."
7:45 p.m.—"Unto a More Perfect Humanity."

PLYMOUTH
THE HOME CHURCH
514 N. 1st St. W. of Figueroa
University or Washington St. cars. Strangers cordially welcomed.

PARK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
(Rev. Chester Verrie, Pastor.)
All services Sunday as usual. Mr. Verrie's sermons: 11 a.m., "A Son of Consolation." 7:30 p.m., "A Son of Consolation." Take Green Hill car or Temple car to Douglas.

FIRST CHRISTIAN
Bible School, 9:30 to 10:15 a.m. No morning service.
Evening service with hymns. Subject, "What Love Can Do."

CHRISTADELPHIAN
"THE HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS: WILL IT BE ON EARTH OR IN THE SKY?"
Subject of a free lecture by Mr. A. Wolfe of Phoenix. Sunday evening at 7:30. 827 1/2 So. Hill St. Strangers cordially invited. No collection.

CHURCH OF THE OPEN DOOR

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PLYMOUTH
THE HOME

May Join Allies.

(Continued from First Page.)

ving with one another in the establishment of educational institutions, according to Senator Garcia. He said that he never attended schools than she had before the revolutions commenced.

All of the members of the Mexican nation are optimistic over the future of the Mexicans. They expressed the belief that the people who have been under the yoke of autocracy for so many years will rise with education and establish the world with their progress.

Senator Garcia and Gen. Obregon were entertained at dinner by Judge Gossard. The latter, an extremely interesting, other guests present being Senator Bockmeier Almada and Isidore B. Dockweiler.

Following the dinner the general and party attended the military ball given at the Shrine Auditorium.

"DOUG" ENTERTAINS.

Elsie Janis and Her Mother are Guests at the Fairbanks Hollywood Home.

Douglas Fairbanks yesterday gave a luncheon in honor of Elsie Janis and her mother at his Hollywood home.

Of course, Bull Montana was on hand with Prof. Ito, Stranger Lewis, Jack Crook, Spike Robinson, Tom Kennedy, all of professional reputations. Then there was Ruth Allet, Mrs. Huffy Crawford, John Fairbanks, Eileen Percy, Norman Kerry, Victor Fleming and Bessie Zeigman.

The luncheon was preceded by a wrestling exhibition between Douglas and Bull Montana, followed by a musical performance. The Fairbanks showed marked improvement.

A student of the Japanese sport. He almost forgot to tell you that everybody donned bathing suits, and had a swim in Fairbanks's outdoor pool that helps to decorate his Hollywood home.

BROKER SUES WOMEN FOR ALLEGED SLANDER

Charles R. Thomas, a real estate broker, alleging that two women entered his office and called him a "real estate crook," filed two slander suits in the Superior Court yesterday, and seeks \$10,000 damages from Mrs. Anna Z. Bower and the same amount from Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Hackley.

Mr. Thomas also alleged that the women accused him of defrauding a Mrs. Rogers in a real estate deal.

FOR THEIR CHILDREN.

Court Asked to Appoint Guardian for Three Young Heiresses to an Estate of Many Thousands.

Mrs. Victoria Scovazzo filed a petition in the Superior Court yesterday for the appointment of a guardian for her three children — Angelina, aged 7; Lucy, aged 5; and Katherine, aged 3 1/2 months. The petition shows that the children are the owners of one share of the capital stock of the Bank of Italy, the Italian Pharmacy, No. 618 North Spring street; real estate valued at \$6780. They have a large number of cash accounts. The property and money were left to the children by the father, who died recently.

Matinee Today
3d Big Week Begins Tomorrow
Thousand Laughs

**QUESTY
R BEAN**

75c Mats., 10c to 50c

THE PHOTOPLAYS
Belle, Frank & Baby carriage welcome
Memphis, O'Grady at all performances.
Photoplay, Children Free at Mats.

TRIUMPH

All Seats 15c.

10c. 25c. 30c.

**White Clark
Bab's Diary**

USE OF QUALITY PICTURES
SOUTH BROADWAY
TAX PIGMAN'S GREATEST SUCCESS

NE'S PA"

AND AS MARY JANE
NEWS—CONTINUOUS
SHOWS

REST OF VAUDEVILLE

10c-15c: Boxes, \$1.00.
10c-15c: Boxes, \$1.00.
Believe: JOE TOWLER, His Own Hero,
ROBEY, JOHN, Jugglers: SPENCER
AND A WAR, With Sam Eves: KATHERINE
HER SISTERS A NEARLY NAUGHTY
FRANCIS GRATTAN. "Rocking the
Father-Son Weekly News Views."

as Fairbanks
UBLE TROUBLE"
BUCKLE in "OH!
DOCTOR"
Bringing With Death."
LL PARK— PACIFIC COAST
LEAGUE
SAN FRANCISCO
ame Called at 1:35 P.M.
PATER RESERVED SUNDAYS
under millions dollar water spouts
RENS OF THE SEA
Second, and Last, Big Week
IE BURKE
RIOUS MISS TOLBY"
URSON "LAL COLO"

1041 South Broadway
Y NIGHT at 8 p.m.
racelotte, the world-famous skaters,
mission, 35c; rental of skates, 15c.

224-228 South Hill Street—COULTER'S

Market Abroad

STOCKS: DISCO LIST.

Full set of teeth...
The only private dentist in Los Angeles...
H. B. CHESHER & CO.
353 Broadway Bldg., Los Angeles.

BUY BOSS GOLD MINING STOCK.
The last gold-mining stock...
H. B. CHESHER & CO.
353 Broadway Bldg., Los Angeles.

WYOMING OILS Are Very Active.
All Stocks Bought, Sold, Quoted.
Wilson, Lackey & Company
Members L. A. Stock Exchange
1000 Broadway Bldg., Los Angeles.

STOCKS Carried on 25% Deposit. Will Loan 7%
Edwin Kennedy
Member Los Angeles Stock Exchange
Security Bldg., Los Angeles.

6 1/2% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds
We recommend to conservative investors...
Walker Portable Cottage Co.
142 East 24th Street, Los Angeles.

Annual 10% Discount Sale
For the month of August only.
Walker Portable Cottage Co.
142 East 24th Street, Los Angeles.

WILSON'S SQUARE
Big discounts for a limited time...
R. A. ROWAN & CO.
200 Title Insurance Bldg.

Legal.
Notice to Creditors.
Estate of Harrison Gray O'Neil...
R. A. ROWAN & CO.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE...
Fully 90% of the town...
the Los Angeles Times.

DAILY EASTERN CITRUS MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Table with multiple columns listing citrus market quotations for various grades and quantities.

BRADSTREET'S REVIEW OF TRADE CONDITIONS.
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE]
NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—Bradstreet's summary...

THE METAL MARKET: LEAD, COPPER, ETC.
[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH]
NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—The metal market...

SHIPPING.
HARBOR OF LOS ANGELES.
ARRIVED—FRIDAY, SEPT. 28.

FLAXSEED MARKET IN THE NORTHWEST.
[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH]
MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 28.—Flax seed...

THE WOOL MARKET: PRICES IN BOSTON.
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE]
BOSTON, Sept. 28.—The wool market...

Invest for Permanence Southern California Edison Company Common Capital Stock

The Southern California Edison Company offers its consumers and the public of Southern California a profit-sharing plan, whereby they can become partners in one of the greatest hydro-electric systems and most firmly established businesses in America.

Let Your Dividends Pay Your Light Bills
SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT ANY COMPANY OFFICE OR AT THE OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER, 120 EAST FOURTH STREET, LOS ANGELES.

DAMAGE SUIT BARES NEW FACTS IN DAVIS TANGLE.

Another chapter in the remarkable history of the Sarah Potter Manwaring Bedloe Davis case was written yesterday, when D. J. Lewis and O. L. Peal of Los Angeles filed suit against the Board of Public Works in San Francisco for damages in the amount of \$1880 because their automobile ran over a precipice on Caribillo street the 31st inst. and was completely demolished.

Oil Stock Prices in San Francisco.
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE]
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28.—Oil stocks...

CRUELTY IS CHARGED.
Mrs. Refugia Ramirez Uribe was granted a divorce from Esteban Uribe by Superior Judge Valentine yesterday on the grounds of cruelty.

ARMOUR'S COMPANY
You can make the lightest, flakiest biscuits, the most delicious cake and pastry you ever tasted, with VEGETOLE, Armour's new all-vegetable fat—the alternative shortening.



MALIBU RANCH

IN THE MATTER OF THE MALIBU RANCH ROAD TO THE HONORABLE THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA: The Rindge Company and May K. Rindge respectfully represent:

That they are the owners respectively of the West and Eastern portions of that certain piece of real property situated in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and commonly known as the Malibu Ranch, and that together they own the whole thereof.

That said Malibu Ranch is situated along the Pacific Ocean, about ten miles North-Westerly from the City of Los Angeles, and its Western boundary line runs along the Pacific Ocean, and its Eastern boundary line runs along the boundary line between the Counties of Los Angeles and Ventura some twenty-two miles further up the Coast.

That said Malibu Ranch is a long and comparatively narrow strip of land facing throughout its length of about twenty-two miles upon the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and having a varying width of from approximately three-quarters of a mile to one and one-half miles, and contains something over 15,000 acres of land.

That in addition to its ownership of the said Malibu Ranch the Rindge Company owns, and is in possession of, a large parcel of land in Ventura County, California, and is joining the said Malibu Ranch on the West, and extending North-Westerly into Ventura County for a distance of at least one and one-half miles.

That there is not now, and there never has been, any road or road right, or any other right, in, to, or across the said Malibu Ranch, or upon, through or across any part or portion of the said lands of the Rindge Company so situated in Ventura County.

That the said Malibu Ranch was acquired early in the year 1915 by the said Rindge Company, and was then owned by Frederick H. Rindge, the latter being the predecessor in interest of the present owner of the Western end of said ranch, to-wit: the said Rindge Company.

That at the time of the acquisition of said Ranch by Mr. and Mrs. Rindge there were some roads upon the Ranch used for the purpose of conveying certain articles to and from the West and East of said Ranch, but wholly by reason of the necessity of the said Rindge Company, and these roads were used by the said Rindge Company, and were not intended to be permanent.

That the roads in question did not run as an entirety throughout the Ranch, but that at places for many miles the roads were broken up, and the said Rindge Company, in its use of the said roads, was not intended to be permanent, and was not intended to be used for the purpose of conveying certain articles to and from the West and East of said Ranch, but wholly by reason of the necessity of the said Rindge Company, and these roads were used by the said Rindge Company, and were not intended to be permanent.

After 'Em. FIRST BLOW AT HARBOR BOOZE.

Council may Out Saloons in
Port District at Once.

Ordinance to this Effect is
Expected Next Week.

Sunday Scores Traffic at
Meeting of Clubwomen.

The first step for legislative action to solve the saloon problem will be taken early next week by the Council when it is expected to adopt an ordinance providing for the elimination of the saloons in the harbor district and compelling the sale of distilled liquors after 9 p.m. Distilled liquors cannot be sold by any cafe, restaurant or hotel.

The proposed regulation for the harbor district is practically what members of the Council favor for the entire city. That there can be no reasonable objection made to the measure by even the most radical members of the Anti-Saloon League was the opinion expressed yesterday at the City Hall.

The action has been urged by military men in the interests of the uniformed sailors and soldiers camping in the harbor district but it is significant because of the bearing it will have upon the city as a whole. It will give the people an opportunity to see how such an ordinance would affect the city at large.

The proposed measure fixes the maximum of alcohol permitted to be sold by the cafes etc. at 21 per cent and it is considered more than probable that a strong effort will be made to get the Council to make the general city ordinance conform with the one affecting the harbor district.

Several members of the Council consulted with Mayor Woodman yesterday upon the question of proposed amendments to the Gander ordinance but no definite conclusions were reached.

Some of the influential wine manufacturers of the city and State have launched a movement which they hope will save their entire industry. They said if they are permitted to sell only wines containing 14 per cent alcohol, they cannot dispose of any of their sweet wines, which contain about 20 per cent alcohol. The excess amount being needed to preserve the wine.

That the saloon must go and that the power of the whiskey business must be broken, was the sentiment of the women at the luncheon at the Clark Hotel yesterday. More than 100 guests crowded the tables when Billy Sunday came to the speaker's chair and delivered his tirade against the saloon.

The man or woman who votes for the saloon is as low down as the skipper, Billy Sunday said. "The majority has a right to force what is wrong on the people of this city. I want to live to see the white-winged dove of prohibition build her nest in the dome of the Capitol at Washington."

He hurled his den at the saloon while the women waited, leaving their lunches untouched. Not until the evangelist had finished his arraignment of the gamblers, booze buyers and thugs, was the noon luncheon served. "Women have saved the world," Deborah, Portia, Shakespeare's great character; Queen Victoria, who ruled the British empire for sixty years, and Francis Willard were true women.

"No intelligent man or woman can deny that the saloon is a menace. You talk about poverty. It's the saloon that buys our people in the gutter. Not as long as the wretched wife waits for the saloon to vomit out her drunken husband will I cease to fight the terrible saloon."

"California is the only State in the Union where women have universal suffrage that the saloon is in power. The time has arrived to call the women into the fight. Every friend of the whiskey traffic is a foe to something decent."

Mrs. Herbert A. Cable, president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs and California president of the State Council of Defense, then urged the women to "get into the fight against the saloon." She asked them to use their every effort to oust the liquor business from Los Angeles and talked along economic lines.

"Everybody in the fight" was the slogan of Mrs. Daisy A. Houck, who made a spirited address as representative of the labor women of this city. Mrs. Houck is secretary of the Women's Garment Workers Union. She attacked the saloon and said it is a mistake to think labor is in favor of the liquor business.

Miss Ida A. Green, field secretary of the Anti-Saloon League, was impressive as she called on the mothers to save their boys who are soon to fill the trenches in France. She declared the liquor business a more dangerous foe than Germany.

Mrs. Seward A. Simons of the Friday Morning Club urged the club women to work for the proposed measure, and Mrs. Stella B. Irvine, State president of the W.C.T.U., pledged the women of her organization to work for the ordinance.

"REAL MEAN MAN."

Prisoner Admits Stealing Baby's Milk to Day Beer—Held on Failure to Provide Charge.

Harry Ehring is a real mean man, according to Superior Judge Sidney Reeve. Ehring was arraigned in Juvenile Court yesterday on a charge of having stolen his own baby's milk, selling it and purchasing whiskey with the proceeds. Judge Reeve asked him: "Did you buy whiskey with the money you got from selling the milk you stole from your baby?" Judge Reeve asked him: "No, judge," the defendant replied. "I bought beer with it."

Ehring was recently a janitor in a local church. Judge Reeve refused to commit him to the State Hospital, but referred the matter to the District Attorney, charging him with failure to provide for his family. A complaint was issued. Ehring has a wife and six children. The youngest, from whom he said he took the milk, is 8 months old.

ALIEN ENEMY SANS RIGHT?

This Contention Advanced in
Petition Involving Boche
Plaintiff.

An alien enemy engaged in war against the United States will hereafter have no standing in the courts, if the contention made in a petition, which was filed yesterday to dismiss an appeal, pending in the Supreme Court of California, stands in law.

Some time ago Fritz Werner brought an action in the local courts against Mary M. Graham and others, to quiet title to a lot on the west side. Fritz lost his case, and took an appeal to the Supreme Court. The petition to dismiss the court throw out the case, for the reason that Werner is an alien enemy, now being engaged in the warfare between the United States and Germany.

At the City Hall.

STOP STREET FLUSHING EARLY NEXT MONTH.

PLAN ADOPTED TO ACCOMMODATE
DATE AUTOISTS.

City Engineer Recommends that
Vacuum Cleaners be Substituted
for Flushers and Public Works
Board Acquiesces—Water will be
Used on Sand and Gravel Streets.

Acting upon the recommendation of the City Engineer, the Board of Public Works yesterday decided to abolish the practice of flushing downtown streets on and after October 8. The substitute plan is to clean the streets with the vacuum machine.

The City Engineer said in his report that the streets can be cleaned just as well by the vacuum process as by flushing them, and at the same time the city will save many thousands of dollars annually.

The decision of the board will be of particular interest to autoists. Every night automobile wrecks can be attributed to the wet streets. In the future only sand and gravel streets will be flushed with water. The vacuum cleaner, of course, could not be used on such thoroughfares.

Patrolman for Park Duty. The Council yesterday transferred \$810 from the general expense fund to the park department, the money to be used in the employment of an additional patrolman for the parks. The new patrolman will receive \$90 per month, and he will work mostly in Griffith and Elysian parks.

Auto for Market Department. James P. Britt, superintendent of municipal markets, is to have a new automobile. The Council yesterday authorized the purchasing agent to buy one for him. Sup't Britt has been permanently appointed to his position, having headed the list of civil service eligibles.

To Protect City Employees. The Council is considering the proposed plan of placing regular employees upon the same standard regarding holidays and time lost through no fault of their own. The matter was referred to the City Attorney and City Auditor for recommendation and report.

May Erect Fire Station. The Fire Commission yesterday recommended to the Council that a fire station be erected at Rose Hill. The matter was referred to the chief inspector of buildings, with instructions to furnish the approximate cost of the building.

Federal Expense Allowed. The Council yesterday appropriated \$175 to pay the funeral expenses of the late J. A. Ellsworth, a motorcycle officer, who was killed while in the performance of duty.

To Verify Franchise Income. A resolution introduced by Councilman Conway instructing the Board of Public Utilities to assume the duties of verifying franchise income payments was adopted yesterday by the Council.

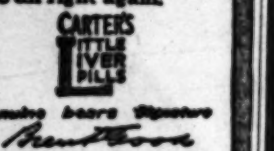


Are You Tied Up Indoors?

If so, your whole system
naturally gets tied up too.

A lax liver and constipated bowels are bad things, dangerous things. Exercise as much as you can—but keep your liver and bowels up to the mark all the time.

Take one pill regularly—until you are sure you are all right again.



Carter's Iron Pills
will help this condition.

Marital Woes. DRAMATIST DIVORCES "CAVE GIRL" WIFE.

VENERABLE TEACHER SAYS
SPOUSE BEAT HIM.

Domestic Bliss of Man Seventy Years Old and Woman of Nineteen Does Not Last Long—He Alleges that on Several Occasions She Attacked Him.

Being a "cave man" is probably lots of fun for some fellows, but Isaac Norcross, 70 years old, who conducts a dramatic school at Hollywood, told Superior Judge Valentine yesterday that his pretty 19-year-old wife was a veritable "cave girl," and that he wanted freedom from his marital ties. He explained that, aside from his wife confessing to having been seen in an apartment-house with a motion picture actor, she beat him about the head, face and shoulders on numerous occasions and that she never respected the presence of company when she became angered at him.

He was granted the divorce after detailing the alleged attacks made upon him by his wife. Mr. Norcross said he married March 14, last, and because of the quarrels and alleged flat fights, separated on April 12. He caused his wife's arrest some months ago on a charge of battery, but the case was dismissed. However, the wife was ordered to stay away from her husband during the pendency of his divorce suit, which was filed and conducted by Attorney M. J. Finkenstein.

Their marriage was due, principally, to a third party. Mr. Norcross testified. The girl and her mother were keeping house for him. It was said, and through another girl student, he said he was induced to marry her, even after warnings that she was slightly "quarrelsome."

Mrs. Norcross is supposed to be in El Paso at the present time. The plaintiff introduced two letters from "affectionate Max," sent from El Paso, in which he urged her, in unflattering terms, to come to that city to be her "own dear love."

Try Muriel Remedy
For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes, Granulated Eyelids.

Schools and Colleges CALIFORNIA TEMPLE OF ART, INC.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, DANCING, LANGUAGES
The Greatest Institution of the Kind on the Pacific Coast
F. CONSTANTINO, the WORLD FAMOUS TENOR, DIRECTOR
Formal Opening October 1st, at 923-924 South Grand Ave.
BEST TEACHERS FOR EVERY BRANCH FOR GRAND OPERA AND
CONCERTS A SPECIALTY—Free tuition once a week to talented school children
who cannot afford to pay for their instruction. Students may enter at any time.
Regarding terms for private lessons and ensemble classes, inquire at the temporary
quarters. Phone: Wilshire 1347; Home 13764.

Los Angeles School of
ART and DESIGN
602 South Alvarado Street. Drawing, Painting, Illustration, Commercial Art, Design and Interior Decoration. Day Session. Evening Session. Fall Session begins September 11th. Register now. L. E. G. Macdonald, Director.

Schools and Colleges HOLD CHURCH WORKER ON YOUTH'S CHARGE.

G. F. Eakin, a church worker, of No. 614 West Eighth street, was held to answer to the Superior Court when tried before Superior Judge Reeve on a charge of having mistreated Raymond Davis, 15 years old. The cruelty charges against Eakin were varied.

When the grand jury was investigating this case recently, it was halted by the disappearance of the boy, a material witness. However, he was found a few days later and appeared before Judge Reeve yesterday and testified that the man had mistreated him.

Schools and Colleges NOTICE Monday, Oct. 8th Opening Day PASADENA ARMY AND NAVY ACADEMY

Capt. Thos. A. Davis will be at the new school (formerly the Pasadena Club) each morning until the opening day, Friday, October 8th, 1917. The new dormitory is nearing completion and all furnishings are being installed. This will be one of the most beautiful schools in California. Enrollments will be accepted during school hours. Visitors will be welcomed during school hours.

HOLLMAN
Business Ideas
New classes constantly forming. Write or call, Fifth Floor, Realty Board Building, 131 South Spring Street, PH231.
Beverly 3449

GLENDALE STABLES
Holding Academy.
Saddle breaking—12 to 12:30 p.m., 8 hours.
\$1.50 a day; \$1.00 a day.
Lessons given. Call Glendale 112, on Home or Glendale 112.

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Where personality counts and character is the first consideration. Prepares for all colleges. Lower school for younger boys. Forty acres. Four new buildings. Catalogue or interview address W. E. GARRISON, Ph.D., Headmaster, Claremont, California.

ORTON SCHOOL for Girls, 128-170 S. Euclid ave., Pasadena. Reopens September 27th. 21th year. Academic and Junior College courses. ART, Music, outdoor study and sports. Phone Fair Oaks 594. Miss A. E. Orton, Principal.

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An Outdoor School for Young Boys.
Prepares for Thacher's Hill, St. Mark's, Groton, Andover of any leading American school.
Fall Term Begins September 26th, 1917. Catalogue on application.

LOS ANGELES MILITARY ACADEMY
HUNTINGTON DRIVE.
An English and Classical Boarding and Day School for Boys, announces its twenty-third year begins September 15th.
Frank V. Adam, A.M., Late Lieut.-Col. A.N.G.
Commandant of Cadets.
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HARVARD SCHOOL (Military)
Prepares boys to command in business or war. Largest and best equipped boys' school on the Coast. Plus for commercial life or college. Military directed by U. S. Army Officers. Graduates on recommendation by the school become commissioned officers in the U. S. Army Reserve Corps. Only preparatory school in California so recognized by the government. Eighteenth year. Ten-acre campus, athletic field, gymnasium, rifle range, manual training, shops, etc. FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 15. Send for catalogue. R. B. Gooden, A.M., B.D., Headmaster, Los Angeles.

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(NON-SECTARIAN)
Miss Thomas' Preparatory School for the Girls' Collegiate and Marlborough Schools reopens September 27th. Ideal surroundings, out-of-door classes, kindergarten, corrective gymnastics. Home department limited to eighteen. Automobile service. 215 West Adams Street. Telephone: 32395; South 44.

GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL & E. Corner Adams and Hoover Streets.
Accredited to colleges East and West. Begins with Seventh Grade. Academic and College Preparatory Departments, with two years of Post-Graduate work. Special advantages in Music, Art, Expression, Business Department. A full Secretarial Course modeled after the best secretarial schools in the country, added to the Business Department, with its own home for resident pupils.
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The Joy of Golf!

—If you would live more keenly, enjoy work and play with an added zest, take up golf. If you do golf, spend more time on the links this fall. Autumn is the best part of California's year-round golf season.

—Our Sporting Goods Section has everything that interests the golfer. The salesman in charge plays a good game himself and can give you more than a bit of help in selection. We have—

A Good Golf Set for \$10.25

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"The Country Club," in wood and
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\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$3.75.

n will find fun and exercise in golf—
our piece golf sets for them from \$4.50

ing Goods Department of the Great
If neither you purchase or not, be ap-

HOW BIG SNAKES KILL THEIR PREY

The Times Illustrated Magazine

Where Nature's wealth is
arising from the river rock.



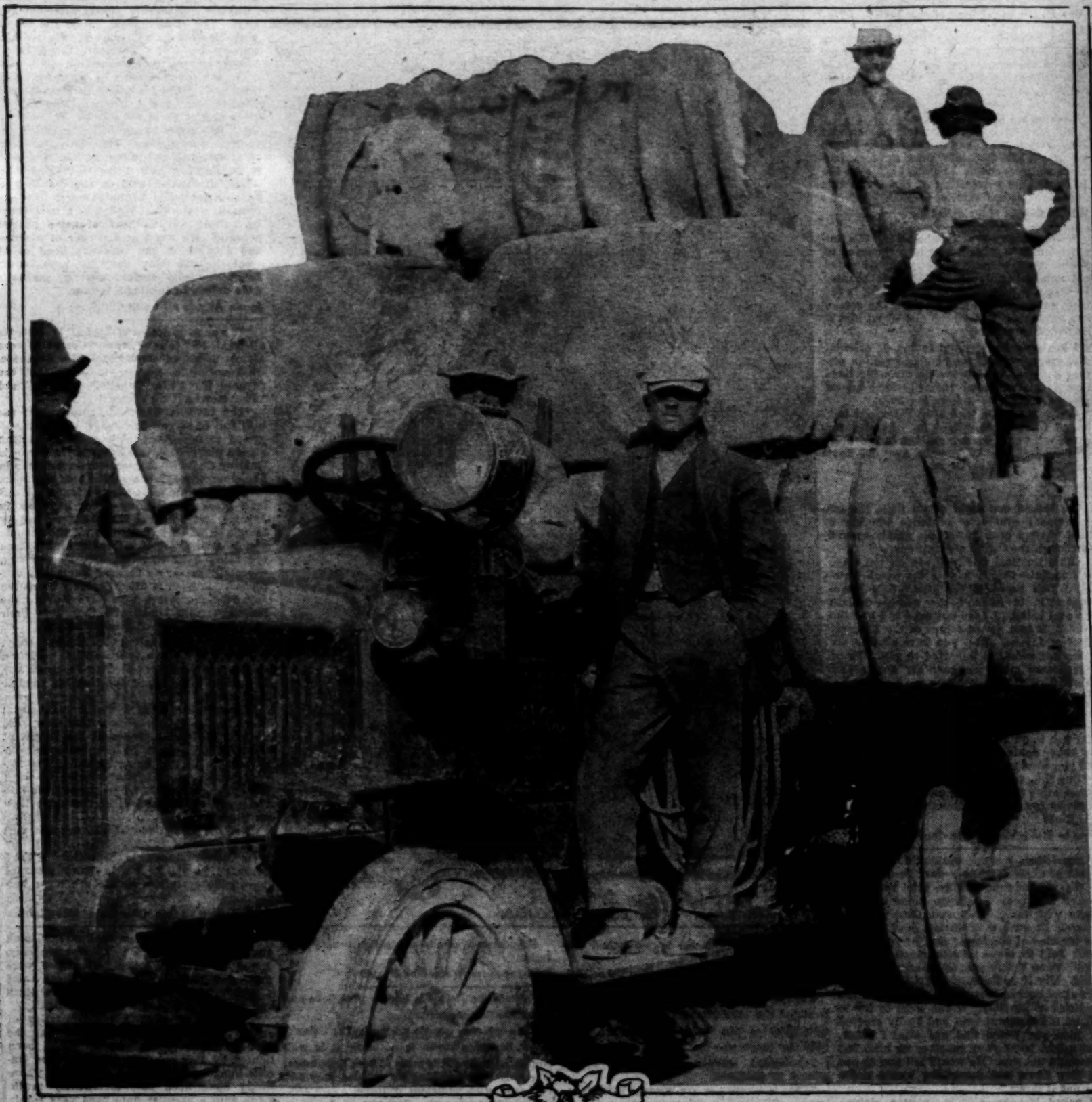
The Far-flung Southwest "Land of the Setting Sun"

LOS ANGELES, SEPTEMBER 30, 1917.

"LIBERTY UNDER LAW."

[1781—1917.] TEN CENTS.

Uniforms for the Allies from Imperial Valley.





Have You a
Flag Pole in
Your Garden?

the final touch of
eauty in your garden is
stately Flag Pole—a mark
of distinction—a symbol of
progressiveness and patriot-
ism.

Flag Poles & Supply Company,
1000 N. W. 10th St.,
Miami, Fla.

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1000 N. W. 10th St.,
Miami, Fla.

Sunday, September 30, 1917.

The Los Angeles Times

"HOME SWEET HOME" BY A HOUSEKEEPER

The Los Angeles Times Illustrated Magazine

[Sunday, September 30, 1917.

Balled Roses

This is the season for the planting of balled Roses. Put out now means a liberal quantity of fine blooms during October and November, with the advantage of a well established root action and a greater display next Spring. The following is an extra choice assortment representing all colors.

MRS. AARON WARD—Deep rich Indian yellow, occasionally tinted with salmon. Each 50c
GEO. AREND—The pink Frau Karl Druschki. A wonderful shade of silvery pink. Each 75c
FLORENCE PEMBERTON—Silvery pink on a white ground. Blooms of enormous size. Each 50c
MAD. LEON PAINE—Lovely silver pink tinted with salmon. Each 50c
SUNBURST—Unquestionably the grandest of all yellow Roses. A deep, rich shade of orange yellow. Each 75c
MRS. A. H. WADDELL—A lovely shade of deep reddish apricot toned with salmon. Each 50c
MAD. ANEL CHATNEY—A wonderful shade of salmon pink. Fine in either bud or open state. Each 50c
BETTY—Coppery rose shaded to golden yellow at base. Buds long and pointed. Exceedingly beautiful. Each 50c
MAD. EDOUARD HERBIOT—The sensational Daily Mail Rose. Color coral red shaded to yellow and bright rose. The colors change to shrimp pink as the blossoms age. Each \$1.00
HARRY KIRK—Deep rich orange yellow, with lighter shading at tips of the petals. Each 50c
EDWARD MAWLEY—Rich dark velvety crimson. One of the best red Roses grown. Each 75c
SUPERIOR ARNOLD JANSEN—Long pointed buds. Enormous deep rose pink colored blooms. Each 75c
JULIET—A wonderful combination of orange scarlet and salmon. Each 75c
RED RADIANCE—One of the coming red Roses for California. Enormous flowers light red in color. Very fragrant. Each \$1.00
PINK RADIANCE—Rich rose pink with deeper shading. Extra large. Each \$1.00

ARTHUR COXHEAD—Deep rosy red. Petals of remarkable width and substance. Each 75c
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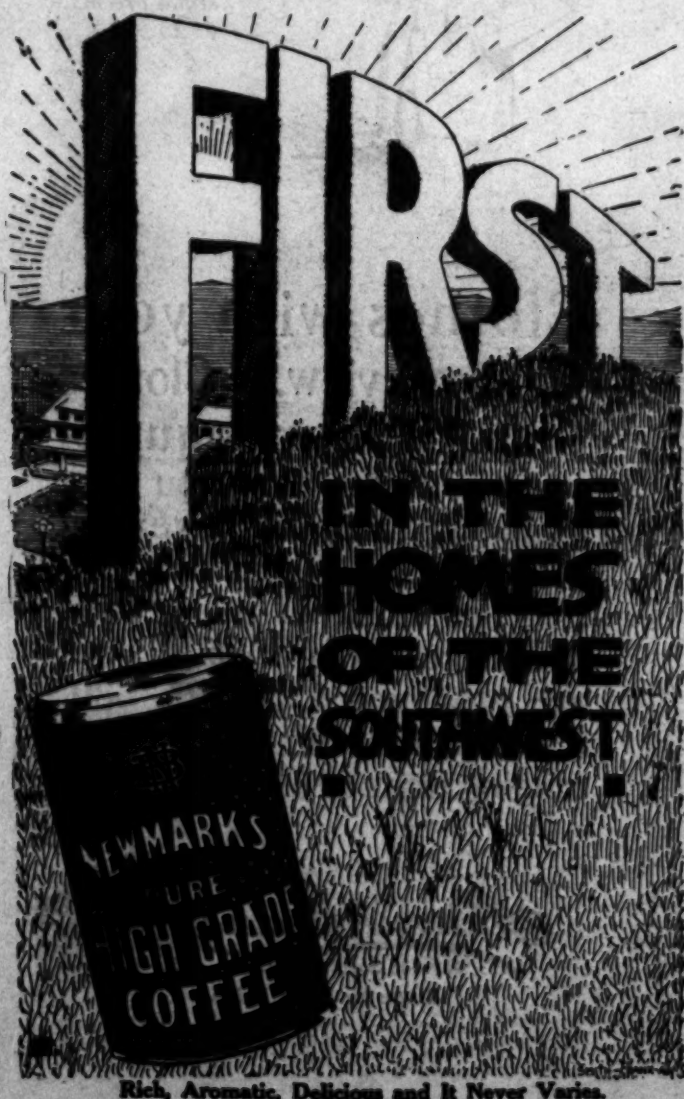
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Sunday, September 30, 1917.]

The Los Angeles Times

JAPANESE SAILOR: AMERICAN MOVIE STAR.

An Interview with Sessue Hayakawa. By Harry Carr.

Cecil De Mille, the motion picture producer, came out of his projecting room one day with the expression in his eyes that must have been in the eyes of Columbus when he first saw the new land. "Come in here," said De Mille to his associates. "I want you to see something. I don't understand it; it is new and strange but it is the greatest thing I ever saw."

And what they saw in the projecting room was the Japanese actor, Sessue Hayakawa, in the then unshined film play "The Cheat." And they saw something new and strange; they saw an actor who could register great emotional effects without moving a muscle of his face.

It dawned upon them as it probably has dawned upon many others since that afternoon that this Japanese was calling upon mysterious sources of power of which we western nations know nothing.

"I do not wriggle my hands," said Hayakawa with dignity. "Neither do I make gestures. If I want to show on the screen that I hate a man I do not shake my fists at him. I think down in my heart how I hate him and try not to move a muscle of my face; just as I would in life."

obscene through the consolation of army departments is given permission to commit harl kari as an honor. Just how Harl Kari is committed.

The wonderful acting of Sessue Hayakawa has a profound message for me. I never see him on the screen that it does not come to me with potent force that when East meets West in the struggle for world power, we are to be in conflict with strange forces of which we do not even dream.

My job is listening to the talk of men who have something to say to the world. I have met them all—Senators, prize fighters, burglars and preachers. Looking back over the lot, the most interesting of them was this Japanese picture actor.

You can think that over. The truth is that, in "The Cheat," this Japanese opened to the western world ideas on art to which we were strangers and still are strangers and always will be, perhaps.

"The actual suicide is performed by an exact ritual. After proper prayer, the suicide seats himself on his knees and plunges a knife in his abdomen exactly one inch deep. The blade is then drawn across the belly six inches in a straight line. The cut ends up with a slash of an inch straight upwards. In other words the stroke of the harl kari knife is straight across six inches, straight up one inch. The motion must be one continuous cut."

No one knows exactly who he is. His fine patrician face gives a hint of a thousand years of aristocratic ancestry in the proud old Samurai of Japan. In his own country he was a naval officer, in America he is the most subtle motion picture actor the screen has produced. Everything else about him is shrouded in mystery.

If you will notice the tense acting of Hayakawa on the screen, you will observe that his

Japan Avoids all Levity.

"The ancient drama of Japan," he said, "is all tragic and tells of death. Comedies were almost unknown among the older Japanese. Shakespeare is popular in Japan but the favored plays are "Othello," "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice."

Hayakawa and I have talked of oriental diplomacy, suicide, jin jitsu and motion picture acting. And always between the lines I read this message: that the East knows queer secrets hidden from our eyes.

Whenever I talk with Hayakawa, our talk comes to a place where he hesitates for words. I know we are getting to the deep water where the West ends and the East begins.

"The favorite native Japanese plays are still full of sorrow and tear, but I am surprised to note that among the American screen players the most popular in Japan is Charley Chaplin. A great Vogue for Chaplin has come through the school kids of Japan. I don't know what that portends. American ideas are making great headway in Japan. Baseball has taken the empire by storm. English is taught in all the schools and is compulsory in all courses. Japanese are fairly good linguists, too, by the way, especially as far as reading English is concerned. English is taught largely by native Japanese professors who have learned the language from books and they give their pupils weird ideas of pronunciation."

"Japan is not a nation that thinks lightly. the struggle to live is too severe. Fiction stories are rarely read. The Japanese boy is usually to be found devoting his time to hard study."

We talked one night of jin jitsu, the extraordinary system of athletics whereby a little shrimp of a Jap tosses giants around as though they were pig-kittens.

"This jin jitsu that you see on the stage in America—that is merely the rough training which precedes jin jitsu," said Hayakawa. "It is difficult for me to explain the real thing. I dare not even if I had the world. It is a sworn secret of the Samurai class of Japan. After you have studied six years one secret is imparted to you. Three years more study and another secret and so on."

"I remember when I was a little naval cadet in the Japanese navy that they sent us into the Indian Ocean at the height of the typhoon season. I can remember being sent aloft and being lashed to the rigging when the sea was running so high the upper rigging would be tipped over into the sea first on one roll of the ship; then on the other."

"No, the conditions of life are not soft in Japan."

"With my knowledge of jin jitsu I could kill you by pressing my thumb quickly against a certain nerve center in your body that you know nothing about. I could press my finger against another part of your body and you would never be able to speak again."

"But this is only the crude part. What comes after that is more difficult to explain. Perhaps you can get something more from this hint:

Hayakawa spoke of these things very tactfully. The Japanese Welcomes Death.

"Life in the Orient is harder than here and yet more harmonious. You western people dread death; I don't. To a Japanese death is nothing; it is welcomed joyously. We meet it with happiness. Our only dread is that its agonies may not be borne with sufficient courage."

"Sometimes you are walking down a dark street at night and see a dark form hurtling in the shadow; or you go into your dark carriage and hear a strange noise and you shake with fear. The next time you find yourself in such a condition, just contract the muscles of the lower part of your abdomen; hold in those muscles until they are hard. Then I defy you to be afraid of anything. Try it and see."

"But of course that, again, belongs to the credulities of jin jitsu. If you were to try to kill an old Samurai who had really studied jin jitsu you would find out what I mean. You might point your revolver at him, but you could not fire. He would tell you to put the gun down and something would make you put it down."

Hayakawa If his motion picture acting was based upon this same mysterious force. He gave an oblique answer. I wish I could think of the delicate and tactful words in which he put it, but he is

"I will not hurt your feelings? Thank you. Then I will tell you. Not long ago I was on Oahu Island, where we were making a picture. One night there came a wonderful moonlight. The whole earth and sea were flooded with silver light. "In Japan on such a night, parties of young people would have been on the water. Their boats would have been lit by just one soft colored paper lantern hanging in the bow of the boat. There would have been soft melancholy music made with a peculiar flute used very rarely on any other occasion. We save it for moonlight nights."

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I asked him one day about this. I had expounded the somewhat trite theory that motion pictures can never tell a great story because there are no words; that subtle, psychological effects cannot be shown simply by gestures.

"That is where you are wrong," said Hayakawa. "Words are the crude things. It is words that cannot tell a subtle story." "But gestures?" I expostulated. "Can you tell the story of a man's soul struggle by wringing your hands?"



SESSUE HAYAKAWA.

Illustrated Magazine

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Japanese, Movie Star.

came by with a party of young Americans. One had a ukulele and they were all shrieking at the tops of their voices. "Tumpty tumpty tumpty," and so on through the silver moonlight.

"Do you see what I mean?" "I remember the triumphal parade after the defeat of Russia. The carriage of every commander was draped in colors and bore a printed sign telling of his war record. At length came the carriage of the commander-in-chief, Gen. Nogai. To the wonderment of the people it was empty. There came a great gasp in the parade; then came Gen. Nogai mounted on a thin spavined old gray horse.

"It was the war horse that had carried him through the terrible Port Arthur campaign. He wanted it to share his honors for it had shared the dangers and hardships. As the other commanders went by they were greeted by storms of applause. Gen. Nogai went by through silent crowds. He had sent his two only sons to die in the front rank of the assault upon Port Arthur. The people knew by instinct that his heart was filled with grief and sorrow, not triumph, so they gave him the tribute of silence."

Modern Japan and Her Treaty.

The talk turned to modern Japan and this great European war. I spoke of the conflict that is threatened between the Orient and the western nations—the renewal of the world-old struggle.

"The Japanese are proud of the fact that ours is the only commission that did not come to America with outstretched palm. Of all the delegations that have visited America, the Japanese mission is the only one that did not ask for money," said Hayakawa.

"The Allies need not fear for Japan's part. Honor is a sacred thing in Japan and we are bound in honor by our treaty with England. Japan is prepared to send millions of Japanese troops to Europe and to turn over her whole merchant marine. Japan is willing to take charge of transporting the American troops to Europe on either ocean and to furnish the warships to convey the transports as well."

I asked him what would happen in Europe following this war. He gave me a peculiar reply.

China's Cycle of Fifteen.

"My studies of the classics of China and Japan as well as my observation of modern history have shown me this: that China's destiny moves onward in cycles of fifteen. From the earliest dawn of history you will find that China sinks for fifteen years, then rises for fifteen years. She experiences misfortune for fifteen years, then her luck turns, as you might say.

"I think it would be well for all the great nations to take notice of the fact that China has been experiencing a period of what you would call slump for the last fifteen years. Her fifteen year period is about over. Very soon she is due to begin the upward stroke. She will soon begin to rise. She has 300,000,000 people. Need I say more?"

When Not to Die.

[Zim, in Cartoons Magazine:] A man who anticipates a respectable obituary should select a duller time for dying. If a fellow has been at all active in helping to make history he modestly looks forward to the day when his name and deeds shall grace the gloom columns of the newspapers. But at such times as these, when even the advertising space is snarled for war news, the mortality of a single individual is passed over with a few lines of cold facts and funeral announcements; a scanty recommendation for a life full of glowing deeds! Put off your demise until another time. When the sword has taken on the rust of peace and editors are searching their heads for copy to fill their pages, then your smiling out will be deplored in prose and verse, and all due attention will be shown you.

Pepeita Rosa.

rector smiled amiably. From General manager down to newest office boy the tension was relieved. Pepeita Rosa and her mother that morning breakfasted more sparingly than usual.

"How fortunate, Madre mia, that we do not happen to be hungry just when we have no little to eat! But this night, at precisely the time I come home, we are to have enormous appetites," Pepeita Rosa laughed a little too cheerfully, her mother thought, for her laughter to be natural. Also, mother eyes saw that the large eyes looked larger and that the heavy, curling lashes cast deeper shadows on Pepeita Rosa's rounded cheeks. She sighed. She thought of the boy, with the same wealth of curling hair, the noble brow, the flashing eyes. Plains and mountains and deserts separated them. In her imagination she saw herself treading the barren wastes, ascending inaccessible peaks, crossing burning sands, to clasp her son. It was the inverted cup of her own life: as in a mirror, she beheld it; bleeding, on torn knees, urged by the flagello of Fate, she had come so far.

Pepeita Rosa, rouged and powdered, counted before the throne. The King stepped forth—the scene was shot—and gathered her hand in his. As he bent over her, Alfonso Grayson whispered, "I have come."

[Boston Transcript:] "Old Blank's nieces and nephews don't dare balk him in the slightest thing."

"He must have great will power."

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Has Lived One Hundred Years.

Ramona's house lost its picturesque appearance a few years ago when it exchanged its beautiful tiled roof for one of shingles. The tiles are now the pride of a wealthy resident who can afford such luxuries. Ramona has been gathered to her mothers, but her two sons live in her adobe, now partly obscured by the rank growth of shrubbery.

The pair of presidio adobe next to Ramona's are in an advanced state of decrepitude—one now sheathed in wood for its preservation—but still inhabited. A soldier of the long ago married a native Montecito belle and they went to housekeeping in one of these and here the family has remained. Making my way up the place one summer morning I found Juana washing clothes. Wishing to chat, yet feeling the time important, I ventured the remark that I was

blundering her work. She assured me I was not—she had all week to do it in and this was only Wednesday. So I sat in the shade of the grape arbor while she, at intervals, continued her occupation.

With a gourd she dipped cold water from a half-barrel at her side and poured it on the article to be laundered. She lathered it lavishly, a bar of soap in each hand, poured on more water, and soiled and soaped and slapped and—poured, on the curious Spanish washboard—a flat board with a rim on three sides, resting on a box.

The water overflowed the receptacle set to catch it and ran down through the plaited leaves to a few hills of corn and the nucleus of a kitchen garden. When a garment was clean it was hung on the picket fence to dry. Above the door hung ropes of chile peppers and bales of cornshanks for the inmates. The melate stood conveniently near. Surrounded as Juana is by all modern Americanism at its best, she speaks no English and prefers her own laundry methods.



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HOW BIG SNAKES KILL THEIR PREY.

Reptilian Horrors. By a Brazilian.

TRAVELERS on the Lamport & Holt liner "Vestris," bound from Rio de Janeiro to New York, in November, 1915, had a unique sight on board one afternoon, such as one would never expect to find on board a ship. It was nothing less than a fight between two big snakes, and ended in the bigger snake completely swallowing the lesser, which, by the way, was a very poisonous one.

The steamer on that occasion had a full complement of passengers, comprising mostly the delegates and their families, from Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay to the Scientific Congress that was held in Washington, D. C., in December, 1915.

One of the most prominent delegates from Brazil happened to be Dr. Vidal Brail, the founder and director of the Serumtherapeutic Institute at Butantan, near the city of Sao Paulo. Dr. Vidal, like most great scientists, is of a modest and retiring disposition. He has devoted his life to the study of the life and habits of snakes, and to finding antidotes for the bites of poisonous reptiles, and has in this rendered a very valuable service to mankind.

And, as Dr. Vidal's fame is well known all over this continent, it is also natural that the entertainment committee should call upon him to request of him the favor of contributing to the entertainment of the passengers by telling them, some afternoon, something about his snakes. This he readily agreed to do, and brought up about a dozen boxes, containing his pets, to let loose upon the billiard table in the palm house back of the smoking-room, one after the other, and explain their habits.

The Mussurama (Pronounced Mussurahma.)

One of the last specimen produced was a snake about seven to eight feet long, as thick as a man's wrist, with a flexible bluish-gray body, covered with iridescent scales and a pink belly. This was the *Mussurama*, a native of Brazil, which, among nonpoisonous snakes takes the first place, on account of its utility. It is entirely harmless and tame and subsists exclusively on other serpents, preferably the poisonous ones. The specimen produced by Dr. Vidal was so tame that it allowed a lady to take it up and wind it around her neck, and seemed pleased with it.

The Jararaca (Pronounced Shara-ra-ka.)

Next Dr. Vidal produced a Jararaca. The Cascavel, or rattlesnake, is fortunately not so plentiful in Brazil as in this country, but its place is taken by the Jararaca, the most common and most poisonous among the smaller venomous snakes of Brazil. There are several varieties, the one most to be feared being the Jararaca Cruzeiroi, which grows three to five feet in length, has a brownish grey body with black markings and a black cross on its head. It corresponds to the Fer-de-lance of Martinique, the most poisonous snake known, and is dangerous especially because it is lazy and does not get out of your way, nor does it give warning like the rattlesnakes.

The specimen produced by Dr. Vidal was about three feet in length, and as soon as Dr. Vidal emptied it from its box on to the billiard table, it tried to get away. No sooner, however, had the Mussurama spied it, than it glided up swiftly and before the Jararaca had time to turn and defend itself, the Mussurama had, with a strike swift as lightning, seized it by the neck just back of the ugly triangular head.

Now began a struggle for life on the one side, for death on the other, the two snake-bodies coiling around each other, rolling, wriggling and lashing the billiard table with their tails in their frantic efforts. But the Jararaca had no chance, its enemy, knowing by instinct the vital spot, had bitten through its spinal chord, and soon its muscles began to relapse and it ceased to struggle.

When the Jararaca had ceased to move and its body began to straighten out, the Mussurama released its hold upon the neck and with a swift move had the victim's head within its mouth. And now began a gorging and swallowing, in which one could see every muscle of the Mussurama's body straining and expanding. Inch by inch the Jararaca was swallowed, and in a short time it had completely disappeared within the Mussurama. It seems that the Mussurama's body is so flexible that it will attack and swallow another serpent fully its own size.

and then lie in a stupor until its victim has been digested.

It was an interesting yet gruesome sight to witness, and when Charley, the bar steward, appeared with a trayful of cocktails, he was welcomed with satisfaction, although some one suggested it might lead to seeing even more snakes.

The Big Snakes of Brazil.

It is a mistake to think that there are more snakes and more dangerous ones in Brazil than in this country, at least in the opened up, settled part of Brazil. Although, as regards size, the largest snakes known are found in Brazil, one would have to go far into the interior to find them. They are found in Brazil, one would have to go Brazil, in the immense valley of the Amazon River and its tributaries. This extensive basin, being low ground, consists partly of swamps and forest jungle, into which white man seldom penetrates. The forest and vegetation is so dense that the sun cannot get through to the ground, and being right under the equator, the continual oppressive moist heat makes this jungle and swamps the ideal breeding place for the big snakes and other reptiles.

However of the 180 varieties of snakes

unless attacked. In fact if caught young it may be tamed, and the natives of the Amazon Valley frequently keep them around their houses instead of house cats, as they keep the place clear of rats, mice and other vermin, and even of larger marauding animals. You can buy these snakes in the markets of Para, Manaus and other North Brazilian ports, where they are offered for sale in boxes, like chickens or rabbits, and the owner will haul them out and demonstrate them to you.

The Sucuruju or Anaconda.

The Water Boa Constrictor is the largest known snake in existence, growing to the length of thirty to forty feet and the thickness of a man's upper leg.

The Sucuruju, although not poisonous, is vicious and cannot be tamed like the Ghibola. It will go for a man as it would for an animal, and it all depends on the man's presence of mind as to what may happen when a Surucuju makes his one quick and dangerous loop around his body or neck. If he is frightened and loses his presence of mind, which is quite excusable under the circumstances, he is lost. But if he can stand the choking grip of the snake for some seconds, enough to take his knife and gash

those swamps, I have the following account of a nest of snakes he encountered:

"As we came to a pond-like hole in this profound forest-swamp, we are halted by a fearful sight: The hole is full of snakes! There we behold a writhing mass of long blue-gray snakes of all sizes and lengths, some no more than six or seven feet, others over three times that length. At first they do not notice us. They are partly sleeping, some with their bodies under the surface of the lukewarm, shallow ooze, while others, mounting on the bodies of their brother snakes, or half creeping and resting on the margin of the pond, are happy, so to speak, in the family bosom. Some of them are as thick as a man's leg, while others are thin and slender as eels. The whole mass of this snake nest, however, is at rest. A few of the smaller ones are lazily creeping in and out through the labyrinth of snake bodies.

"It would have been a nice predicament to have walked into the middle of this congregation for it was getting almost too dark to distinguish anything on the ground. Walking into this heap of snakes not only would have been hurtful to one's aesthetic feelings, but it might have ended fatally for some or all of us, for we quickly recognised these snakes as *Sucururus*, or *Anacondas*, the



COBRAS SUCURYS—SUCURYS SNAKES IN THE AMAZON FOREST.

known in Brazil not 10 per cent. are venomous, and of those very few of the big ones. Of the nonvenomous ones, the largest and best known is

The Boa Constrictor.

The Boa Constrictor is not poisonous, but is dangerous on account of its great muscular power. It lies concealed in the branches of big trees near a path where wild animals of the forest are accustomed to pass to get to the water. When an animal, no matter what size, passes near the tree, the snake, retaining a firm hold with its tail around the tree or one of its branches, will dart at the animal and wind itself in several loops around its neck and body. Then it begins to contract its muscles and tighten its coils until the animal is choked to death and its bones are crushed to make it easier to swallow. The snake will then swallow the animal whole, which, if it is a large one, may take considerable time and require great expansion of the muscles of the snake's body. When this is done, the snake is helpless, for although it has an excellent digestion it will take weeks, even months before a large body is digested. During this time the snake lies in a lazy stupor, unable to move, and in this state it can be easily caught alive, or killed.

There are several varieties of Boa Constrictors, the best known being The Ghibla or Land Boa Constrictor.

This is the smaller and least-vicious of the tribe. It is harmless and will not attack

its body, or preferably try to sever or injure its spinal chord, then he stands every chance of winning, for the snake will loosen its gradually tightening grip to defend itself.

The bite of even a large Boa is not poisonous, nor very painful, it is hardly worse than that of a domestic cat. The bite is made by the snake merely to secure a hold for its body, simultaneously with its great constricting and paralyzing twist.

The Large Poisonous Snakes.

The Surucucu, known also as the Bush-master, is the largest poisonous reptile in the world, and is fortunately rare and found only in the depth of the jungle and swamps where man rarely penetrates. It attains a length of twelve to fifteen feet; the color of its body is rose, or rather yellowish-pink, with brown patterns and tints of purple. Its bite is almost always fatal. Its fangs are an inch long and as much as ten ounces of venom have been extracted.

The Surucucu Tapete, or carpet snake, is still more venomous, its bite is certain death. It reaches six to eight feet in length, its head is perfectly triangular and the body, black above, is marked with oblique yellow lines, while the belly is yellow with black patches.

The Urutu (pronounced Uru-tuh) is another of the poisonous snakes of those swamps. It grows to about five feet in length and has a thick brownish body with white patches and a design of V-shaped convex curves over the body with a black Y on its head.

From a former assistant, who penetrated

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

[All feasible suggestions for this page will be very much appreciated. Any pictures of attractive corners of the home or practical things will be very acceptable. How to keep house with little labor is the slogan of today and we would like the ideas of readers on the subject.]

Have you a "Chow Wagon"?

All over the country the knitting army has been mobilized and every one from grandma, with her experienced fingers, to wee granddaughter, with her very uncertain little digits, is busy knitting for the "boys." And while we are not supposed to have any cats at these knitting parties, down in our secret hearts we do feel pretty glad when mess time comes and the chow wagon makes its welcome round. It doesn't have to be a big funch, just a little something to cheer us on our sweaters way, and makes the needles go a bit faster.

There are so many fascinating styles of wagons now that it is a temptation to the hostess who owns one to serve a wee bit just to keep the cart in the habit of working. There is the very practical combination of tea wagon and small refrigerator that saves trips back to the big ice box to replenish the cold things. And there is the dandy wagon that has a regular drop leaf table top that opens up and seats a group of people comfortably instead of leaving them scattered all over the place with cups and plates balanced perilously on hand and knee. This drop leaf cart really is a jewel. The food is carried on a large tray on top of it and served so easily. It would be hard to find a page large enough to illustrate all the different styles of tea carts. Mahogany is the most popular kind at present and it is really a sensible thing to buy because it is always good style no matter what other fads come and go. Mahogany is always the correct thing. Of course there are many charming pieces in wicker and it is by no means passe. Particularly in this warm country its cool comfort is always in demand.

The porch tray in the illustration is a very handy thing. The compartment for ice is a good feature and all the makings of a light lunch may be carried in the space in the ends. The tray is lined with cretonne and has coasters for the glasses.

An inexpensive tea wagon may be made at home with a large Japanese tray for a top and bamboo for legs. It is best in working with bamboo to use it green if possible as then screws hold better. Always screw, never nail bamboo together.

Another Use for the "Chow Wagon."

Have you an invalid in the house who gets tired of eating on a tray in bed? Tired of holding the tray and tired of being alone at meals? It is not pleasant to take all your meals away from every one and at least at lunch when the family are not all home and there is no one to cook for but yourself and the invalid why not have lunch together? That drop leaf wagon would certainly come in right there. The meal could be prepared and wheeled in or partly cooked right in the room as the newest wagons are wired in two places for percolator or toaster or one plug for a lamp. Mighty cosy little Sunday night teas could be gotten up on this table for anyone, sick or well.

Don't Waste Coffee.

Many women throw half the strength of the coffee away in the grounds. Have the coffee pulverized, and make a coffee bag by piercing holes through the top of a tin can the proper size; cut off the part so pierced and sew onto it a bag of heavy white silk or cloth. Measure the pulverized coffee—a rounded teaspoon to a cup—place it in the bag and pour boiling water through; pour the same back and forth three or four times, and you have a clear strong nectar at less cost and no waste.—Mrs. Rena O. Pettersen.

Do you know that mixing the flour for thickening with a third the quantity of corn starch prevents lumping and makes a daintier gravy?

Eat More Cheese.

"Store" cheese—more properly known as American Cheddar—is more nourishing, pound for pound, than any meat and therefore should have a prominent place in the diet as a meat substitute, says a statement issued today by the United States Department of Agriculture.

"Few people in this country eat cheese in sufficient quantities for it really to form

an important part of the daily fare," says the statement. "Indeed, it is used more often simply as an appetizer or as a seasoning for some other food. Nearly every one relishes good American Cheddar or 'store' cheese, but there is an impression that it is indigestible and constipating. Extensive digestion experiments carried on by the Department of Agriculture have demonstrated that more than 95 per cent. of the protein of cheese is digested and 90 per cent. of its energy is available. Even when eaten in large quantities and for long periods, no case of indigestion, constipation, or other disturbance was observed in those who ate it. One man who ate cheese as the chief source of both protein and energy, eating an average of 9.27 ounces daily, with bread and fruit, for more than two years, did a fair amount of muscular work and kept in good health.

"American Cheddar cheese is a very satisfactory substitute for meat. It can be kept in storage for a long time, and contains much food in small volume.

"A pound of cheese supplies more than twice as much energy as a pound of fowl or round steak and almost twice as much protein as the same amount of fowl or ham. Cheese, therefore, is usually a cheaper food than the meats.

"Cheese can also be combined in many palatable dishes. When grated it may be used in soups or with many vegetables. Other foods in which cheese is used are: Macaroni and cheese, Welch rabbit, tomato rabbit, baked rice and cheese, baked crackers and cheese, vegetable and cheese rolls, cheese omelet, oatmeal and cheese and cheese mush."

To Save Shoes.

[Irish World and American Industrial Liberator:] Shoes should be oiled or greased whenever the leather begins to get hard or dry. They should be brushed thoroughly, and then all the dirt and mud that remains washed off with warm water, the excess water being taken off with a dry cloth. While the shoes are still wet and warm apply the oil or grease with a swab of wool or flannel. It is best to have the oil or grease about as warm as the hand can bear, and it should be rubbed well into the leather, preferably with the palm. If necessary, the oil can be applied to dry leather, but it penetrates better when the latter is wet. After treatment the shoes should be left to dry in a place that is warm—not hot.

Castor oil is satisfactory for shoes that are to be polished; for plainer footwear neatfoot, fish oil or oleine may be substituted. If it is desired to make the shoes and boots more waterproof, beef tallow may be added to any of these substances at the rate of half a pound of tallow to a pint of oil. The edge of the sole and the welt should be greased thoroughly. Too much grease can not be applied to these parts.

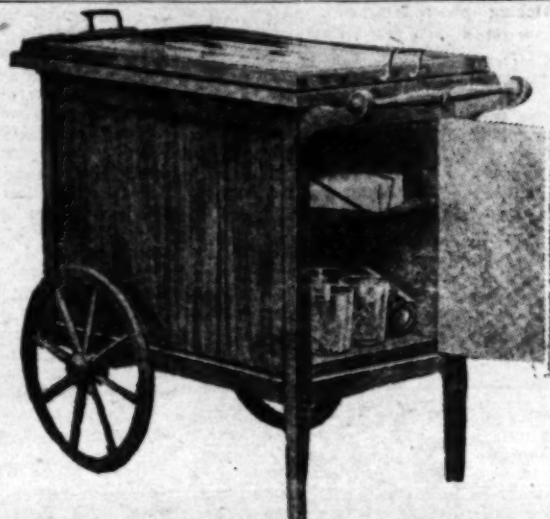
A simple method of making the soles more durable, pliable and water resistant is to swab them occasionally with linseed oil, setting them aside to dry over night.

Many of the common shoe polishes are harmful to leather. All those which contain sulphuric, hydrochloric or oxalic acids, turpen-

tint cream, whipped; one teaspoon vanilla. Cook the rice and milk together in the double boiler until the rice is very soft. Add the almonds. When thoroughly cold beat in the stiffly whipped cream and the vanilla. Serve very cold with a hot dinner in which starches are scarce. Cost 44 cents.

To Clean a Carpet.

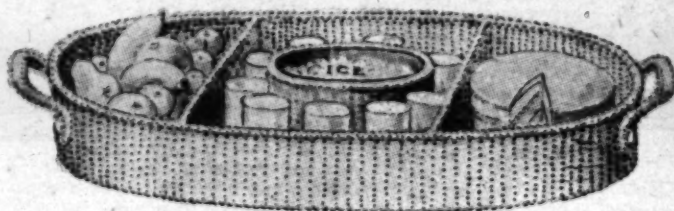
[Irish World and American Industrial Liberator:] A suggestion for making a carpet look like new, and bringing out all the bright colors again, at a cost of 15 cents, follows: Shave one bar of white soap in dish and dissolve with a gallon of hot



Refrigerator and tea cart.



A Charles II tea cart.



A Porch Tray.



A drop-leaf tea wagon.
SOME NEW AND NIFTY "CHOW WAGONS."

water; to this add 10 cents worth of salts of tartar. This forms a soft paste. When cold put a handful of paste on carpet and with a scrub brush scrub this well into the carpet; then with a dull knife scrape the paste from the carpet and then wring a cloth out of clear water and go over the place just cleaned. In this manner go over the surface of the entire carpet and you will be surprised at the result.

Don't for the Jelly Maker.

Don't have soft jelly.—You will if you use more sugar than is required for the fruit juices or if you do not boil the juice long enough after the sugar has been added to drive off the excess of water.

Don't have tough jelly.—You will if you use too small an amount of sugar for the quantity of juice or if you boil your juice too long after the jelling point has been reached.

Don't have crystals in jelly.—These appear when there is an excess or deficiency of sugar. They are found sometimes when the juice has been boiled to too great a concentration before the addition of sugar or when the syrup spatters on the side of the pan, where it dries and is eventually carried into the finished product, seeding it with crystals. In grape jelly making crystals may be more certainly prevented by using a small portion of apple jelly juice, or, better, orange pectin solution, as suggested in Farmers' Bulletin No. 859, entitled "Home Uses for Muscadine Grapes."

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it concerns itself very little learn
and as far as the Eagle can learn
written to teach the way to heaven,
but he thinks it, but he thinks it
earnestly and in the Bible. He believes
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And our expanding Pacific Empire, advanced
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Pat II. Editorial Page.

HARRY CARR, EDITOR.
Twentieth Year. Volume XII, No. 11.
Average Circulation in 1911—Four Months: Gross
112,311; Net, 111,431 Copies Weekly.

Declaration and the Flies.

There has been cited the adoption of the Declaration of Independence as an illustration of the influence of flies in determining the Continental Congress. It appears that Philadelphia in a hall near a livery stable. The weather was warm, and from the stable swarms of flies emanated and lighted on the legs of the members and, biting through the thin silk stockings then in fashion, gave great annoyance. There was then witnessed, according to the testimony of no less a person than Thomas Jefferson, the spectacle of an honorable member making a speech as, with a large handkerchief in hand, he would pause frequently to thrash the flies from his thinly-covered calves.

The opinion of the body was not unanimous in favor of the document, and, under other circumstances, it is thought, discussion might have been protracted for days, if not weeks, but the flies were intolerable. Efforts were, indeed, made to find another hall, free from the pests, but in vain. As the weather became warmer the flies grew worse, and the flapping of handkerchiefs was heard all over the hall as an accompaniment to the voices of the speakers. In desperation, it is said, someone at last suggested that matters be hurried so that the body might adjourn. There were a few mild protests, but no one heeded them; the famous document was hurriedly copied and the members hastened to the table to sign the authentic copy.

It thus appears that had it not been for the livery stable and its inmates, there is no telling when the document would have been completed. At any rate, it is probable that it would not have been signed at so early a date as July 4.

"Modern."

"Is it modern?" is the first question asked by an American, particularly by a Western American, with regard to a real-estate, an office, store or building of any sort. And no matter how well located, how substantial, suitable and beautiful a building may be, if it shows the traces of age or if it was built before the latest inventions of present up-to-dateness were contrived, it is condemned as behind the times.

Nobody—who is anybody—will look at a house or an apartment that hasn't hardwood floors and "built-in" features; an office building must have marbled and decorated entrances and lobbies, express-service elevators and a livelier force; a schoolhouse must combine the highest refinements of a home with complete educational and institutional facilities; public buildings, to meet today's demands, are a conglomeration of Greek temple or mediæval palace with twentieth century, fireproof skyscraper and all modern improvements thrown in; even our churches are patterned after the architecture of European cathedrals or Asiatic pagodas, on the outside, and ape the decorative schemes and furnishings of a Standard Oil millionaire's "palatial" home within.

There will be but four and one-half yards of stuff in Millady's dress this fall. But "they're wearing 'em higher in Hawaii."

Shots from the Magazine.

Hotel men can do much in the endeavor to conserve the food supply. The waste, especially in the more expensive hotels, is beyond reason. It seems to be due to factors admitted, a large share of our constantly shifting values and our fluking civic and national character is traceable to the unjustifiable dominance of "style" and "fashion" in buildings—to the demand which gives what should be a lasting and profitable structure a brief term of inflated value and then puts it in the discard.

ROSE L. ELLERBE.

not exist for the purpose of modernity. These houses who drift constantly from the latest to the still later, have no roots and no stability. There are still family homes in some of our Eastern States that have been occupied for a century—but they are very rare; there are a few buildings in our older cities that are pointed out as of historic interest. But most Americans seem to have forgotten—or never known—where they were born; and they care nothing for the historic background of locality or of nation. Family or institutions are alike of no value except for the convenience or advantage of the present moment.

In England the oldest and proudest families point to the home that has housed a family for generations as its chief glory. The architecture upon which all our modern building is based dates back centuries—St. Paul's was begun in 1675; Notre Dame, in the twelfth century; the City Hall of Brussels was built in the fourteenth century—these buildings are counted among the most valuable assets of the world.

But we in this century, in our craze for the "latest," are looking askance at any building that has been in use for a quarter of a century. In every city of the United States, conditions similar to those found in Los Angeles exist. Perfectly sound structures, desirable in location, complete in equipment, are abandoned as not "high class." A hotel or apartment house ceases, in a very few years, to be counted as first class, no matter how perfect its construction or extravagant its fittings; a residence is regarded as "old" after eight or ten years; a school building is pronounced "out-of-date" in less than twenty-five years. Office holders insist on new and costly buildings for every branch of public service.

It is true that many of our structures have been frankly temporary in character. Many other buildings which cost enough to have been permanent, are not lasting because of dishonest and superficial construction. Our conditions have changed rapidly and unexpectedly. Yet, with all these factors admitted, a large share of our constantly shifting values and our fluking civic and national character is traceable to the unjustifiable dominance of "style" and "fashion" in buildings—to the demand which gives what should be a lasting and profitable structure a brief term of inflated value and then puts it in the discard.

Given Over to Lions.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

YOU will find that most married men indicate an active interest in the methods of lion taming. A scout who can wander carelessly into a group of open-faced lions and make them sit on sofa pillows and drink milk out of a pail is supposed to be about as brave as they make 'em. Yet the most masterful lion tamer I ever knew was so afraid of his wife that he would begin to cry when it was time to go home. He was a husky 200-pound lad with an arm like a bar of pig iron. But although he could drill a lion to do anything but talk German he had the soul of a shrimp. The wren that he was anchored to wouldn't weigh ninety pounds on the hay scales, but she was all paprika and tabasco. Back in India 2000 years ago she had been a wasp, and a funny and petulant one at that. In her next reincarnation she will be a catamount.

The wife said she would save his money for him, and she did. Once when his envelope was a nickel short she accused him of being a Lohrsto and went to see the manager about it. The only cash she allowed him to handle in two years was 6 cents and this was for postage stamps so that he could write to his people for money. She was small, but dynamic and grasping. Hercules' idea of a good time was to take a couple of his most massive lions and their tails together in a hard knot. Then he would turn a couple of packages of freckle-cream loose and then sit on a high chair in the midst of the festivities. He said that he could shut his eyes and imagine himself at home.

But he was only one lion tamer. In childhood days the stories of the good old lion handlers always used to interest me. Those boys seemed to be batters of a different stripe and you'll notice that neither Samson or David shied in the company of the fair sex. They liked their lions and they liked their women. "Come on; the more the merrier," they said.

And occasionally they did marry her—although that was a point they did not worry about.

I did not realize until I read the story of Samson that they had children and lions to rent, but in the Book it tells how Samson would rent a lion like a kid, but when I went to the Zoo and wanted to rent a lion to practice on the keeper told me to go and chase myself.

But of the old-timers who handled lions, most of all I admired Daniel Balthazar. He was the foxy granddad of the big show. He had the number of all the baby lions in Babylon. When Darius Green came in and began kicking it over the country he took a shine to Dan, who was already the big medicine man of the tribe. The king let Daniel pretty much in charge of the whole works and even gave him the combination of the safe. This made some of the wild Irishmen of the machine sore. They were not strong for Daniel because he was not a good mixer. Whenever the beakers began to foam and Sandab would hold up his glass and say: "Did ye ever hear this one about the girl and the bicycle pump?" "Excuse Daniel would yawn and murmur: "Excuse me, boys, I'll be hitting the hay." And he'd sneak off home for a little quiet refreshment of beans and water before denting the pillow.

So the gang thought they'd frame one up on Daniel. The next time they saw the king they asked him to sign an ordinance that for thirty days would require every man who came into the king's presence to take off his hat.

Darius was a bit flattered by the attention and, without thinking, he said: "I thank ye kindly, boys," and signed it. If a man broke the law he was to be turned over to the royal swarm of feverish lions and left there until the life insurance money was paid.

The king never stopped to think that Daniel had a batch that had been fined on him when he was a colt and he couldn't take it off without using a razor—but the gang knew it.

But Daniel could tell what made the wheels go around by just looking at a buzz saw and he was wise to the snake-down that was coming to him. So every evening when he put away the books he'd stop at the butcher's and get a quarter's worth of liver. Then he'd quietly slip around to the back end of the garage where the king they eat."

Finally the king came back to town one day and Daniel knew that things were about to happen. The bunch also knew that it would be natural for the king to send for Daniel and so they sort of gathered around and waited. But Dan was as cool as a quart of brick cream. When the messenger came he pushed the buzzer and told James to drive him to the palace. When he got there he wandered carelessly into the kindly presence with his well-worn lid in its usual place.

Darius looked up in surprise. "Where's your hat, Dan?" he exclaimed, significantly. "It's on my cork, your royalty," replied Daniel, pleasantly. "I see it is," returned the king, "and it is no place for it to be when you are in the presence of your superior officer."

"But, my noble king," protested Daniel, "I can't take it off without an ax! I can't even soak it off."

"Then the king knew. "There's been a frame-up, Dan," he said, thoughtfully. "The bunch went out after your goat and they used me on the play. It makes me feel like a lame worm on a hot fire. But there's the ordinance and we've got to live up to it. When the Moses and Perilans say anything, you bet your life it goes. It looks like it was you for the lions, Dan, but don't blame me for it all. Just put it down that I'll get these short-haired scabs yet. When they get through with you Uncle Darius they'll wish they were in Yuma with a broken back apiece."

"Aw! never mind, your ax-highness," exclaimed Daniel. "I don't think lions like Hebrews, anyhow, I'll take a chance. Don't let a little thing like that jar you. I should worry."

So they went ahead according to the specifications. The king declared that Daniel had busted the ordinance and would have to be turned over to the big cat. The gang said it was too bad, but law was law—and they winked at one another.

So Daniel took a fresh drink of water and headed the little procession down to the cage where the lions were roaring for their fodder. The king said he would make a good job of it and put Daniel in the den as he did so slipped a four-ounce bottle of chloroform to him. "Every little helps," he whispered, and with that he slips the key in his pocket and starts back to the palace with the rest.

So they left Daniel to mangle with the midst of the lions.

But the king couldn't sleep any. He was sure that the lions would get hungry and restless and if they once began to nibble at Daniel it would be all over with him. So he was out in his bathrobe before the 6 o'clock whistle blew. He fairly trotted down the path to the garage and the minute he opened the door he shouted:

"Are you there, Daniel?" "Sure, Mike—I mean, your royalty," said Daniel, with a yawn, and stretching himself. "I was after having my beauty sleep." "Did the lions bite you, Daniel?" exclaimed the king. "Bite, nothing," retorted Daniel. "This pest here," he said, slapping a massive hairy beast at his side, "a two-thirds rabbit and the rest squirrel; and this one here," he continued, walking across a slumbering mammoth and kicking him on the nose, "couldn't bite a hole in a pound of butter on the Fourth of July. Here, Pido!" he called as he chuckled another under the chin. "Sit up and shake hands with the gentleman. He won't hurt you." Then he carefully sat down on a couple of full grown specimens while he wiped his feet on a third.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed the king. "Let's go back to the palace for breakfast." "Breakfast?" As Billy Sunday would say: "This teaches us that even lions are particular as to what they eat."

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Yet we find food literally forced on sick digestive organs are utterly unable to utilize people. In fact, part of the recognized for this food, so that it ferments and rots in the mulla of nursing invalids is to fiddle their stomachs, adding to the poisons in the body.

II HEALTH is normal, disease abnormal.

Conducted by Harry Ellington Brook, N. D.

Many know that delicate land to be the noisiest, most uproarious and clamorous spot in the whole universe. It is a country of hustle and bustle and confusion, a land of sickening thuds, of banging street cars,

clanging bells and brokers shrieking through their noses. If theynch-pitch dropped out of the cosmic system and the alarms came tumbling about us, they wouldn't

near 11th New York."

• • •

Massacre of the Innocents.

One of the most wicked and cruel forms of drugging is the giving of opiates to children.

The Massachusetts State Board of Health has notified druggists that they must not hereafter offer for sale "Mother Winslow's" or any other opiate.

How many infants have been soothed to death by this preparation during the past half century. How many fond but ignorant mothers are today slowly killing by this and similar drugs, those for whom they would lay down their lives? As an infant, in England, the editor of the *Care of the Body* and his five brothers were doped with this compound by a fond but ignorant

An eastern publication recently told of a child who, although only eleven months old, was a confirmed "dope head," through

the constant administration of paregoric. In a hospital it cried by the hour for opium.

All these dangerous compounds have been introduced to the world by the medical fraternity. Remember also, that a poison is no less a poison when administered by an eminent physician, than when it is purchased by a "layman" at a drug store.

• • •

Fool "Cure."

One of the latest suggestions for the cure of consumption is to let the patient swallow the venom of a rattlesnake. How long

permatologists to make silly experiments of this kind, while the patient misses the only chance of recovery, namely, fresh air and abundant sunshine.

itary, abounding in the organic salts, strictly reduced to the amount that the patient can digest, and gentle exercise, increasing as the strength of the patient becomes greater?

• • • • •

Human Hogs.

A dispatch from Louisiana, published in The Times, told how a young man died in consequence of a water that he could not

any man eating sweet potatoes. He died in convulsions.

On the following day a dispatch from St. Louis told how another hog bet a champion beer drinker that he could eat not one, but two quail every day, for sixty days.

Yet again, a New York paper tells of a falling off in the consumption of buckwheat in New Jersey. It tells of a farmer who used to eat from thirty-seven to forty-two buckwheat cakes every morning. Now he

have been a strong "temperance" man.

The hog is the only animal, besides man, that makes a habit of forcing food into an over-full stomach, and the hog only does that after he has been "civilized" by man. You cannot, for instance, get a dog to eat a morsel after its appetite is fully satisfied.

Some one somewhere has said: "The more I see of men the more I think of dogs." Same here.

* * *

"Cheese it!"

Here is a newspaper item:

"According to a professor of the French Academy of Science, all the elements of good food needed by man are contained in Gruyere cheese."

What is the matter with Limburger? Gruyere is an appetizing variety of Swiss cheese—in fact, the finest made in that country—but there are others.

If any one should be foolish enough to attempt to live on cheese alone, for a few months, he would soon be calling for one of those "harmless cathartics," that "work like you sleep."

• • •
 Olive Oil from Cotton Seed.

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denied by the daily positive proofs of increased beneficial results that are being obtained by the many we have sold the Little Gem Ear Phone to, and which causes us to most highly recommend its use to all who are afflicted with deafness.

Free private demonstration at our office or free home demonstration on request. Ask or write for booklet, "Cause Thine Ear to Hear," which explains everything. Tell your dear friends.

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historic background of locality or
of nation. Family or institutions
are alike of no value except for the
of no value except for the

Given Over to Lions.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

The Lion Angeles Times



DEAR old Billy Sunday! More power to him! If he were trekking around the bases on the diamond making home runs the Eagle would say, "More power to his leg muscles." If he were pelting in a red-hot grounder from the infield to first base to shut out the opposition club the Eagle would say, "More power to his elbow." But Billy, old boy, you have become "a preacher of righteousness," and the Eagle's prayer is, "More power to your lungs, to your gosier and to your tongue." You have a good deal of power in these organs now, and may the good God continue your power there and increase it.

No, dearly beloved brethren, the Eagle has not heard Billy Sunday, and furthermore will not hear him. All he knows about this evangelist is what he has learned from sitting on his eyrie on the granite tower of this great religious journal of civilization and listening to the news hum off the big machines in the composing room. That's all the Eagle wants to know about Billy Sunday, and that's what inspires him to send up a fervent prayer to heaven for the continuous and increased power of Billy and his great work.

Well, if the Eagle approves of Billy Sunday, why does he not go to hear him? Because the Rev. William Sunday's style is not the Eagle's style, and it would do him more harm than good to go and listen to Billy's preachments. Be-

side, the Eagle knows more about the Bible and about religion than Billy Sunday does, or ever will know. Indeed, he has forgotten more about the Bible than Billy Sunday ever knew or ever will know. You see, dearly beloved brethren, the Eagle's forehead does not slope straight back from his eyebrows to the back of his head. Billy Sunday's appeal is to the plain people, and he seems to get them, judging from the reports in the great religious journal of civilization whose emblem is the Eagle, of the crowds hitting the sawdust trail morning, afternoon and evening at the great Sunday meetings.

You see, the Eagle is an old bird, and he has followed the course of many evangelists in the last sixty years. They were all made of the same stuff, and never did appeal to the Eagle. Billy Sunday's view of the Bible seems to be exactly that of the grandmothers of the present generation. His methods are much like that of Father Finney, who roared out his message of salvation through New England some sixty or seventy years ago. He used to take sinners by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the unmentionables and shake them over hellfire until they fairly roared with fear, and said all right, they'd be good. Not all of Father Finney's converts "kept the faith," and "finished their course." There were many backsliders among them, but still he undoubtedly did a great deal of good. He caught the same class of people that Billy Sunday catches, and the Eagle is the last creature in the world to "slam" the plain people. He sympathizes with good old Abraham Lincoln's view, expressed in the phrase, "God must like the plain people. He made so many of them."

Your Eagle, brethren, has a conception that Lincoln was really the most Christ-like man since the apostles' days of whom the Eagle knows anything. Of course, Billy

Sunday would say that Lincoln, not being orthodox, was headed straight for the eternal fires, and that the Eagle was following the same bad path. Lincoln believed as little in hell as the Eagle does, and it seems to be Billy's great cheval de bataille. But then, the Eagle is broad as well as philosophic and has always sympathized very much with St. Paul's view, that Paul, Apollos and all the rest of the preachers were only instruments in the hands of God, that one might sow and another water, but that God gave the increase.

Billy Sunday appears to the Eagle to believe in a plenary literally inspired Bible. He appears to think that creation was accomplished in six physical days. To the Eagle's mind Billy Sunday seems to believe in a real physical Paradise, in the first pair of human beings spotless and innocent, naked as worms, living among the trees of that garden. He probably still believes in the angel with the flaming sword that turned every way so as to prevent the guilty pair from returning to Eden and eating of the fruit of the tree of life which would have made them immortal. He probably believes in the deluge and the mythical forty days' rain which submerged all the earth and drowned every living thing on the face of the globe, except those favored ones shut up in the ark. The Eagle warrants that Billy Sunday believes in the doctrine taught by the old Hebrew prophets that God by direct interposition sent upon mankind his three sore plagues, war, pestilence and famine. Billy seems to the Eagle to be more like these old Hebrew prophets in spirit than like the Christ of the New Testament. The Eagle sees him thundering forth in the last words of the Old Testament, "Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Now, do not get the idea, dearly beloved, that the Eagle does not be-

lieve in the Bible. He believes earnestly in it, and believes in its inspiration, but he thinks it was written to teach the way to heaven, and as far as the Eagle can learn it concerns itself very little about hell. It is the most wonderful book ever penned, and contains the most wonderful words ever uttered by human lips. It is strikingly dramatic in its construction. Take, for example, two passages in the scriptures, one where Nathan, the humble prophet, calls the attention of David, the King, to his sin. When he had worked the King's mind up against the perpetrator of the wicked deed, there is nothing more dramatic in Shakespeare or any other writer than that passage where the prophet straightens himself up and with fiery indignation flashing from his eyes, and with an index finger that must have seemed a mile long pointing at the King's face, said, "Thou-art-the man!" The other dramatic episode in the Scriptures to which the Eagle would call attention is that scene in the Gospels where the Christ gathers His disciples around Him at the last supper, and having given the sop to Judas Iscariot, that apostle with guilt in his heart goes out, and the scripture records, "and it was night." That simple passage has always impressed the Eagle's mind very much. He thinks it is the case with every one who leaves the truth for lies, who leaves right for wrong, who barter away Christ for any sum of money in the world. Such a person always goes out into the night, and leaves the light behind him.

Yours for Billy Sunday, but most of all for a rational, Christ-like religion,



THE LANCER

SAN FRANCISCO is Hooverising much more effectively than we are. None of our city ordinance sandwiches with a drink up there. If Hoover came to Los Angeles and saw the mighty harvest of stock sandwiches, nourishing bread and cheese and ham and pickles that are wantonly wasted day after day because of that imperative ordinance that demands that if we drink we likewise pretend to eat, it would surely shrive his soul. And think of the nefarious profits it entails. Our restaurateurs reap a golden harvest every day out of the sandwiches we order and don't eat, but which must not be served a second time because they are "come-backs."

San Francisco has the nation's weal much too much at heart to tolerate any such hypocritical extravagance. If indeed food is so precious, what are we thinking of to compel its waste in this outrageous manner?

These precious Los Angeles sandwiches are a daily crime against the Allied cause. Waste, waste, wanton, wicked waste—by city ordinance!

And the American plan meals at the luxurious hotels are another peculiarly wasteful crime. The man who has to pay for everything he

eats is careful to order for his appetite. But the people who pay an extravagant flat rate, pick over several courses of food and send more than half of it away, absolutely spoiled for any other use. My lot has fallen among the wealthy hotels of late and one gets absolutely sickened at the willful, persistent waste that goes on. What is the use of the small householder growing potatoes and beans for dear life, while the thoughtless wealthy are picking over and spoiling enough food every day to feed another nation?

If friend Hoover wants to make any appreciable saving in the nation's food, he cannot do better than to abolish the compulsory sandwich and the American plan at the hotels.

The American plan also prevails on the Coast boats and I saw enough good food thrown overboard every day to feed another journey. We should enjoy much more active consciences if we had to pay individually and directly for everything we ordered.

San Francisco Cafes.

San Francisco has her cafe ordinances, too. I was amused to find the entrances of all the cubby holes carefully blocked with prodigious screens. "Why the screens?" I asked, in my Angelino simplicity. Well, it appears that a city ordinance has forbidden doors or curtains to those restaurant cubby holes, so an enterprising profession has evolved massive wooden screens, which look suspiciously as if they had been made out of the old doors, which really form another wall. Privacy and the ordinance are both satisfied.

There is one pathetic thing about many of those famous cafes up there. So many of their celebrated proprietors and waiters have gone to war. Most of them were French or Italian and everywhere one goes some fond San Franciscan will ex-

plain: "We are trying to keep Louis's business alive for him while he is at the front; but the place isn't the same. Both Louis and his chef have gone. Mrs. Louis is doing her best. We don't want to forsake her, but it isn't the same."

The Army Housewife.

Georgia Bordwell, a brilliant woman artist, whose pictures fetch \$500 for the Red Cross in San Francisco, told me a delicious story. It appears that the earnest secretary of a woman's club was exploring the army regulations. She came across a dreadful paragraph in which it informed all and sundry that the government provides "one housewife for every eight men in the army." The lady was simply staggered. She took the book to the club and broke the horrible fact. By the time the story had been retold a few times, it transpired that the government provided a woman for every eight men in the army every eight days. A deputation was finally elected to call upon the commander of the local training camp and duly protest. The commander never cracked a smile. He merely assured them that he was astonished. That in twenty-three years' service the government had never provided one for him. He, however, agreed upon a thorough investigation. And when those dear ladies discovered that an army housewife is a little roll containing needles and cottons and thimbles and buttons, they crept away to their holes and have not been heard from since.

Instructing the Officers.

When I met some of my Presidio student friends, there was murder in their eye. They had just sat through a lecture by a Y.M.C.A. gentleman of earnest morality on their proper deportment, at the

end of which they had been asked to sign a pledge of chastity. Fancy asking a man who has won a commission in the United States army by discipline, study and self-coercion generally, to sign a pledge of chastity.

I don't know whether they exaggerated the case, but they described the lecturer as somewhat lacking in education and as reading out the army regulations on the subject like this: "Lascarvisciousness is the greatest enemy of the American army. Sex continuance is to be recommended."

At all events the few officers who declined to sign the pledge were duly given commands, so probably the government has a sympathetic understanding of a gentleman's sense of personal rectitude after all.

I gathered that one of the hardest pills for the men to swallow is the military salute to the medical captains. These gentlemen are the army doctors who are conceded the rank of captain. And a great many of them distinctly lack the imposing military appearance. But, nevertheless, they must be saluted punctiliously—and as San Francisco is simply alive with naval and military officers of all grades, the salute becomes a veritable clockwork nightmare. It takes the form of a ferocious click that nearly jogs the arm out of the socket.

Sartorial Discretion.

And let me warn my local friends who contemplate a visit to San Francisco in these piping times of strikes and wear their dark warm clothes and derby hats. I struck a heat wave when I went up and wore my summer togs with dreadful results. Nobody ever wears summer togs after August in San Francisco, so one is inevitably mistaken for an alien strike-breaker—with the usual complimentary results dealt out by the rampant strikers. Bricks ahoy!

Monday, September 20, 1917.

The Laws of Health. Yet we find food literally forced on sick digestive organs are utterly unable to utilize.

Santa Barbara's Old Lady. By M. C. Fredericks.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

GREAT CHANGES IN RUBBER INDUSTRY.

Whole Human Race Affected. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Where Rubber Comes From.

THE WILDS OF THE AMAZON VERSUS THE PLANTATIONS OF ASIA—AMERICAN COMPANIES THAT OWN THOUSANDS OF ACRES, THE RUBBER CITY OF AKRON, AND ITS ENORMOUS PRODUCTION—KEEPING RUBBER AWAY FROM THE GERMANS—AN ARABIAN SUPPLY FOR OURSELVES AND OUR ALLIES. FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

AKRON (Ohio)—It is now almost twenty years since I received my first assignment to write a letter on the rubber industry. I then had to travel more than 3000 miles to get the stuff. My first port of destination was Para at the mouth of the Amazon, and I rode for several weeks on that mighty stream through what were then the chief rubber lands of the globe. Today the industrial demands of the war have given me a second rubber assignment, and I have come to this little city of Akron, in the heart of the North American continent. I am now on the roof of the interior State of Ohio, 600 miles from any seaport, thousands of miles from the equatorial forests of Brazil, and more than half way round the world from Malaysia, where are situated the rubber plantations from which the chief part of the world's product now comes.

Since I wrote that first letter the rubber industry has bounced to the top of the world's great necessities; the center of production of the raw material has traveled from the wilds of South America to the cultivated estates of tropical Asia, and Akron has become the chief rubber manufacturing city of the world. It is now producing more than one-third of all the rubber goods made by mankind, and its output this year will be so great that it could give \$10 worth of such goods to every family in the United States and have some to spare.

The motor traffic of today is cabled on Akron. The tires turned out here last year exceeded 11,000,000 in number, and that product will be doubled within a few months to come. The output at present is about 40,000 tires every day or enough to equip 10,000 vehicles while the sun rises and sets. There are now more than 3000 acres of floor space here which are devoted to making rubber tires only, and there are companies which make vast quantities of tires and at the same time other rubber goods of every description.

Carloads of Rubber Bands.

I visited one plant which sends out rubber bands by the carload, making enough every week to buy from eight a team of horses and a dozen men standing around them. It makes rubber belts and conveyors which are miles in extent, and for hospital use rubber sheets which would cover acres. Akron has factories that make rubber goods for every possible want, from the simple bottle that feeds the baby to the hot water rubber boots for the trenches and diving suits for going under the sea. It makes dirigible balloons for piercing the clouds and airplane tires to soften the descent of the great flying machines as they land from the skies. It makes, in short, so many things of rubber that the names alone would take more space than I have for this letter. Many of its products are of vital necessity to us in our war with the Germans, and the most of the factories are now working on war orders. There are thirty establishments all told. They cover thousands of acres, and some of the larger of them have as many as 10,000 men and women laboring away under one roof.

But before I describe these great Akron factories I want to tell you of the mighty changes that are going on in the rubber industry. During my stay here I have talked with rubber experts from other parts of the world, and through the chief officials of the situation today. First, let me tell you what rubber is. It does not come from one tree alone. It is a milky fluid which is found in the bark of more than 300 trees, and vines which grow near the equator. It also exists in a shrub of the Mexican deserts, and is found in certain African roots. There are some trees, however, that produce far more rubber than others; and these are of special importance. The species known as *Hevea* is the best of all

rubber, and it comes either from the Amazon Valley or is a descendant of trees that grow there.

Twenty years ago the wild trees of equatorial Brazil were the chief source of the rubber of the world, and they are still producing a large part of the product. From the mouth of the Amazon, all the way up its winding course to its source in the Andes, a distance almost as far as from New York to San Francisco, there is a dense forest which, in places, is wider than from St. Paul to St. Louis. This is spotted with rubber trees, which grow wide distances apart here and there through the woods. They extend over a territory one-third as large as the whole United States, but they are so far apart that the rubber gatherer has to walk miles every day in collecting the milk from the trees he has tapped.

ing in quantity, and I am told that it will continue to keep pace with the demand. At the end of last year there were almost 2,000,000 acres of cultivated rubber trees, and many new plantations are being set out. Some of the largest rubber companies of the United States are preparing to grow their own rubber. There is one in New England that has three plantations in Sumatra, comprising 100,000 acres. It has 44,000 of these already planted; and in 1915 it gathered more than 1,000,000 pounds of rubber from the 15,000 acres of trees that had come into bearing. The president of another of our great rubber companies has advised his stockholders that he can produce rubber on their Sumatra plantations at a cost of 17 cents a pound, and that 15 per cent of their crude rubber needs will be taken care of this year from their own plantations. Next year they expect to increase this product to 25 per cent, and by 1921 they will be raising half of all the rubber they use.

During my stay in the Amazon Valley I visited some of the rubber camps and even made some rubber myself. The rubber trees there look much like the English ash. They grow to a height of about fifty feet. Their bark is silver gray, but it turns black after tapping. The trunks of the full-grown trees are as big around as a man's waist, and after they have been tapped they swell out at the base so that they are much larger. The trees blossom in August and bear their nuts in December and January. When the nuts are ripe the shells burst with a noise like a firecracker, throwing out at the base so that they are much larger. The trees blossom in August and bear their nuts in December and January. When the nuts are ripe the shells burst with a noise like a firecracker, throwing out at the base so that they are much larger.

There is a big rubber company here in Akron, which makes all sorts of goods, that has just bought 21,000 acres of land in Sumatra, and another, devoted only to tires, will set out large plantations in Southern Asia for the same purpose. Another American company has \$10,000,000 invested in rubber states. It has 14,000 employees on them, and all but 200 of these receive a salary of 15 cents a day. When it is remembered that the forest wage paid a common laborer in Akron is 37 cents an hour, the difference in conditions between Asia, and the United States may be appreciated. The Asiatie rubber coole works ten hours or more per day. He gets a cent and a half an hour, while the poorest of the Akron rubber laborers gets more than twenty times as much.

British Ownership.

Up until about seven years ago practically all of the world's supply of crude rubber came from the Amazon. It was gathered by Indians, some of whom were debt slaves. Immigrants were also brought in from other parts of Brazil, and groups of natives were sent up the river during the wet season to gather the rubber when the dry season came. Much of the work was done by contract labor, and a large percentage of the men died in the forests.

The means of gathering the sap and turning it into rubber were rude to an extreme, and the trees were often destroyed by bad tapping. The rubber I made was from trees which I gathered with a hatchet, the blade of which I shaved with a knife. I put a tin cup under each tree and brought in half a gallon of milk. I then came back to the camp and smoked the rubber as the Brazilian has directed. I made a fire of palm nuts in the corner of a shed, under a little chimney. This caused a dense smoke, into which I thrust a wooden paddle. I had dipped the paddle in the sap. The paddle came out coated with milk. I turned it rapidly about in the smoke and the rubber hardened upon it. I again thrust it into the bowl for a fresh coat of milk, which I hardened the same way, and thus went on until I had built up a layer after layer of rubber on my paddle. The smoke came into my eyes. I wept at most as many tears as there were drops of milk in the bowl, and finally, having made an ounce or so of rubber, I headed the job over to the professional. They added to the layers until they finally built up a rubber lump as large as a football. It was much like a well smoked twenty-five pound ham, and when cut open the inside seemed very like cheese. It is in the shape of these hams that most of the rubber from the Amazon comes. It is gathered in this rude way, from camps scattered over a vast territory, and the organization of the business is such that the crop is greatly restricted.

Today the world demand for rubber has so increased that the wilds of the Amazon could not possibly supply it. The Brazilians are pushing their work to the full, but their product is only about one-fourth of the rubber that comes into the market. The balance, or three-fourths of the whole, is from rubber plantations which have been set out on the Malay Peninsula and in Ceylon and Sumatra. We are now starting plantations in the Philippines, and there is one of 100,000 trees on the island of Brazilian not far from Mindanao.

The cultivated rubber is steadily increasing in quantity, and I am told that it will continue to keep pace with the demand. At the end of last year there were almost 2,000,000 acres of cultivated rubber trees, and many new plantations are being set out. Some of the largest rubber companies of the United States are preparing to grow their own rubber. There is one in New England that has three plantations in Sumatra, comprising 100,000 acres. It has 44,000 of these already planted; and in 1915 it gathered more than 1,000,000 pounds of rubber from the 15,000 acres of trees that had come into bearing. The president of another of our great rubber companies has advised his stockholders that he can produce rubber on their Sumatra plantations at a cost of 17 cents a pound, and that 15 per cent of their crude rubber needs will be taken care of this year from their own plantations. Next year they expect to increase this product to 25 per cent, and by 1921 they will be raising half of all the rubber they use.

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Today it is known that rubber can be grown successfully almost anywhere along the equator where there is as much as 100 inches of rainfall. It has been found that the best soil for it is Malaya and Sumatra, and that the trees can be tapped there with in five or six years after planting. They are now setting out from eighty to 125 trees to the acre, and the yield averages about two and three-fourths pounds of rubber per tree every year. The cultivation is scientifically carried on, and the tapping is so done that it does not affect the life of the tree. The tapper uses a knife especially adapted to the work, and at each tapping he shaves off a slice of the bark so thin that it would take thirty of them to equal an inch. He cuts this off day by day throughout the month, and in such a way that it takes three years to go round the tree. At the end of this time the bark of the starting place has been run away and it is ready for tapping again. The trees are tapped every day in the year, and the rubber milk is so carefully treated that it comes out in clean sheets, which are smoked and it comes into the market as smoked sheets. It has the color of glue, and is put up in bundles much like newspapers.

Much Rain Is Needed.

In the factories here I have seen crude rubber of every description. The larger establishments have acres of space filled with her camps of the wilds in the shape of hams and balls ranging in size from a football to that of a bushel basket. These balls are dark brown or black. They are of the purest Para rubber, and they bounce into the air as they drop on the floor. I saw cords of what is known as crepe rubber, which comes from the plantations of South Asia. The best of it is from the tops of the trees, and it is cured by the coolies with acetic acid, which is something like vinegar.

There are altogether seventy different kinds of crude rubber. The most valuable is the *Hevea*, which comes through Para, and of which the plantation rubber is the descendant. Another grade is that from the vines or creepers of Africa. It is gathered by the negroes of the Congo much as on the Amazon, and it is smoked the same way. It comes to the market in either rolled in balls of various sizes. This rubber is much less valuable than the *Hevea* or plantation rubber. The same is true of the Guayule desert table-lands of Mexico. The shrubs are pulled up and taken to the factories where they are crushed and thrown into hot water. As the water boils the rubber rises to the top while the wood goes to the bottom. The rubber is skimmed off. It is worth about 60 per cent less than that of Para.

So much for crude rubber and the far-away places where it is grown. The most interesting part of the story is the adventures of the product, after it gets to the factory and goes out in a thousand shapes to help mankind on his march through the world. Above all, of especial interest just now is the part that rubber is playing in our great war of Europe, and how upon it may depend the success or defeat of our army. These matters I shall take up in my letter next week.

What Every Man Will Learn.
[Ohio State Journal:] One lesson which this war is going to teach us before we get through with it, is that the individual doesn't amount to so much in the general scheme of things as he thought he did.

[Copyright, 1917, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Santa Barbara's Old Lady. By M. C. Fredericks.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE)

The Use and Abuse of Water. By Thos. C. Wallace.

WISCONSIN I have seen an example of just that it is not enough on the water cam, a study of mountain, toinings and rock and the folds from the threashings. In this case

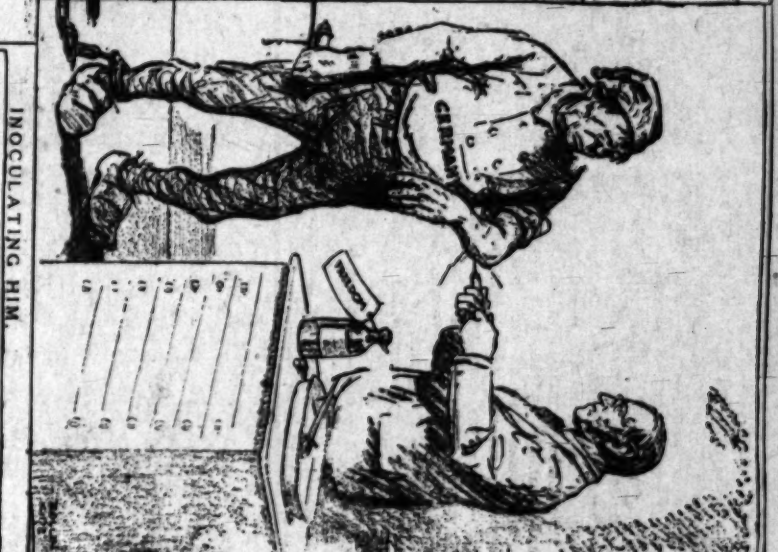
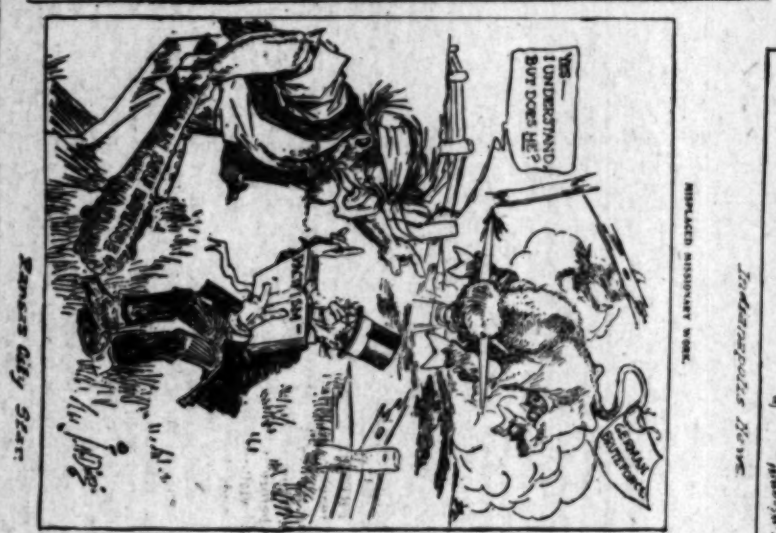
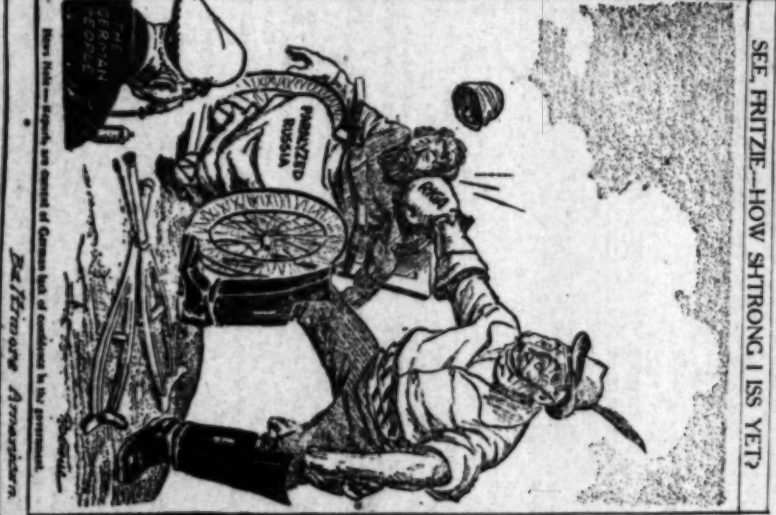
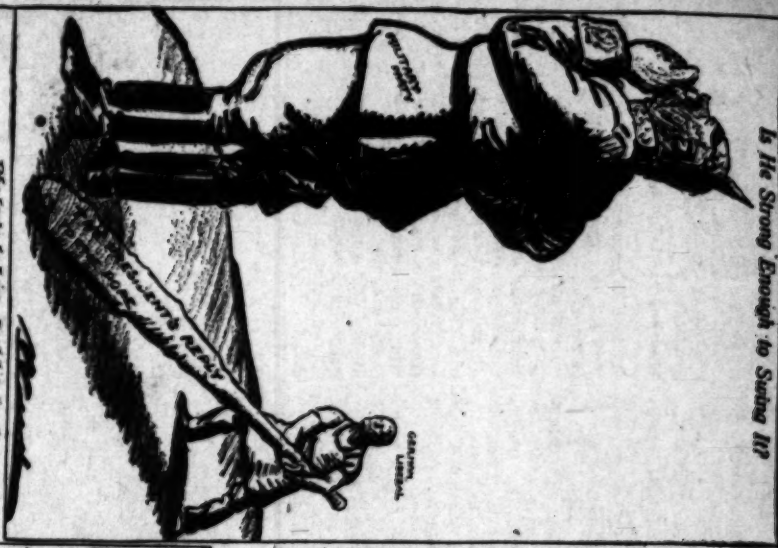
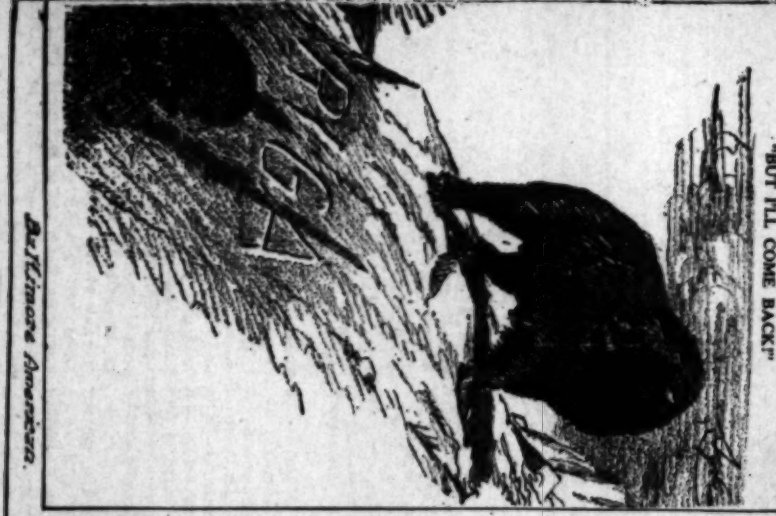
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Recent Notable Cartoons.

[Sunday, September 30, 1917.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for The Times Illustrated Magazine.

Like the Germans.

"Seven," said Johnny again, and with the 250 yards away. "At the foot of that pole," your head that you're lost!"

And, now, son of my soul," said Jim's mother in the Spanish idiom of California. "What a beautiful boy you have raised!"

MOTLEY crowd straggled in pastured faces of many nationalities toward the self-important person with the

Adventurers. By Maria de Puy de Galeana.

OLINGNITO AND THE PRINCE INCOGNITO

SQUAB MEAT, HEN FRUIT IN WAR TIMES.

California Poultry in Australia. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Grow Squabs and Economize on Beef.

THE high price of meat has unquestionably come to stay, and the housewife who, in former years, was able to provide her table with choice cuts of steak and the best part of the pork loin at prices ranging from 15 to 20 cents per pound must for some time to come expect to pay double former prices for the same cuts. A meatless day, as advocated by the Food Administration, cannot to any great extent lessen the shortage, and the cost of production must be lowered before the supply will equal the demand.

What then is to be done to provide the family with a supply of meat? The backyard pigeon loft comes nearer to producing an even and continuous supply of meat the year around than is to be found in any other source. Not only is the pigeon squab easily and quickly raised to the killing age, but its meat is considered the most tender and tasteful of any found in the market. Every squab consumed will leave that much more beef, pork and mutton to be sent to our Allies and in that way real conservation will be effected.

As commonly sold in California the squab is distinctly a fresh article, but in the East where the industry has been conducted on a larger scale the surplus squabs are cold stored in times of over production. It has been proven that a squab properly packed and frozen can be kept without deterioration for a long time.

Squabs are highly recommended by physicians for nervous and anemic patients on account of their high content of liquid protoplasm and lecithin. Each squab contains from four to six ounces of protoplasm and a larger percentage of lecithin than the same weight of any other meat. For patients suffering from dyspepsia, intestinal or stomach trouble, the squab is without equal, as its assimilation is accomplished without strain on the digestive organs. Squabs also contain a very large amount of organic phosphorus which is one of the principal constituents of the human brain.

As will be noted the high content of liquid protoplasm settles squabs to high rank as a food product. Liquid protoplasm is regarded by biologists as "the basis or elixir of life" and as Webster says "from which all living organisms are formed and developed." It is important to remember that the flesh of the squab contains more of this vitalizing fluid than any other meat. This fact shows the food value of the squab to those lacking vitality. Laboratory tests show about six ounces of protoplasm in the Carneau squab and about four ounces in the Homer squab.

To get the full benefit of the chemical content of the squab the bird should be killed at just four weeks of age, which is the time it is about ready to get out of the nest. At this time the bird, if rightly fed, is at its fattest period.

The prospective purchaser of breeding stock should not be misled by glaring advertisements of the amount of squabs their birds will raise and the weight of the squabs when produced. The Homer pigeon will produce squabs which will weigh from ten to fourteen ounces, while the Carneau will produce squabs weighing from twelve to sixteen ounces. These are dressed weights and about one ounce less than live weight. The percentage of squabs that will weigh up to the highest weights will not go over 10 per cent. in the best loft. Extra- agent advertisers, who claim to have no birds that will not raise squabs weighing one pound each or that will not produce over nine pair of squabs per year, should be avoided by the novice as only disappointment will follow the purchase of such birds. The government is after fakers of this class, and on July 28 the Postoffice Department issued a fraud order against the Majestic Squab Company of Adel, Iowa, which was one of the most persistent sellers of unsatisfactory stock. In ordinary life the purveyor of "gold bricks" receives a short but swift ride in one of Henry's "peace ships," just purchased for the Los Angeles police department, but the poultry and pigeon fairs or hawkers still pursue his course of handing out "gold bricks" in pairs, trios or pecks.

As far as the sale of pigeons is concerned, there has been organized recently the Squab Producers' Association of Southern California, which will not only aim to promote the use of squabs by endeavoring

to educate the public as to the well known value of the squab as food, but will try to protect the notice from the wiles of the extravagant advertiser. This association will have a display of dressed squabs at the Hotel Exposition which will be held during the California Hotel Men's convention at Santa Barbara this coming week. A pen containing twenty pair of well mated breeding pigeons will supply in a back yard plant about twenty squabs a month, at a cost for feed, even at present high prices, of between \$3 and \$4.

California Birds in Australia.

It has always been a contention of The Times Illustrated Magazine that our live stock interests were singularly blind to the possibilities of Trans-Pacific trade. In the past something has of course been accomplished in this direction; but with the advent of changing economic conditions, it seems opportune to exploit this field more persistently. Poultry breeders have found some business for food breeding stock in Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines and Hawaii; this trade has been growing, and can be still more fully developed. The demand seems to be for Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds; naturally our Australian friends would go to England for the latter, and the English breeders are quite as advanced as we are; indeed, there are cases of importing White Leghorns from the Antipodes into California. Among breeders who have enjoyed some of this export trade must be mentioned J. L. Harrison of Pasadena, who during the last week in August shipped eighteen Rhode Island Reds to Sydney, New South Wales, to J. P. Dalrymple, for which he received approximately \$15 per head, the buyer assuming all risk of safe arrival. This, we believe, is but one of several shipments from these same yards during the past two years.

The importing and exporting of live stock is not without some hazard and the outlay of some coin. In a correspondence Mr. Dalrymple gives some figures bearing on this point. The cost of importing a pen of birds, say from New York via San Francisco or Canada, Vancouver, to Australia, averages about \$100. Hence the enthusiastic importer has something to be up against for a start. Mr. Dalrymple further says: "I paid \$300 for a cockerel and \$150 for a pullet and they cost me an extra \$400 by the time I landed them here. This was a fair price to give for two birds, and take the risk of landing them here. I paid the same breeder \$600 for four birds and they cost me over \$100 to land, as I paid the butcher on the boat \$10 per bird for their care on the run across. The best investment I ever made on your side was J. L. Harrison's stock, from Pasadena. I never saw harder birds nor better layers, and the broody instinct was small. The hen that laid 278 eggs was a pure Harrison, and mother laid fifteen months without a break, and neither she nor her daughter was ever broody. Reds are more precious to me as layers than as exhibition birds. When I succeed in placing a uniform exhibition pen in a laying competition with high egg records I feel that I have succeeded."

At these prices there is certainly some incentive in exploiting trans-Pacific trade in exhibition and foundation stock.

A Patriotic Bird and the Widow's Mite.

Most of us who are familiar with show room talk can make allowance for the stories of fabulous prices for exhibition specimens and breeding stock, but rarely "truth is stranger than fiction." The Rural New Yorker prints the story of a hen that brought \$3002.91—and she was a mere moulted at that. It seems that the good people of Middletown, O., started in to raise a sum of money for the Red Cross, to which of course everybody gave freely. Mrs. Salko, a poor Hungarian woman, wanted to help, but had nothing but her hen to offer. So she brought the hen and the eggs to the meeting. Happily there were men and women in charge of that fund who had the imagination to see at once that here was the incident of the widow's mite brought into the Red Cross work. This poor woman gave all she had: "Or a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all."

The hen and her eggs might possibly have sold for \$1.50 on the basis of their food value, but Middletown saw faith value in such an offering. So they put the hen up at auction and she brought \$266. A wealthy man paid \$100 for the eggs. Then he gave them back and they were put up at auction one at a time. The first egg brought \$400 and the entire twelve brought \$1734.91, all of which, of course, went to the Red Cross. Thus this common citizen in feathers becomes the highest priced hen in the country. We would not back her in an egg-laying contest, but as an advance agent for a worthy enterprise she scores 100. And Mrs. Mary Salko, through her humble gift, has become, in proportion to her means, the largest subscriber to the Middletown Red Cross. And yet there are people who say there is no money in hens.

Why not Eat More Hen Fruit?

While our friend Herbert Hoover, chief of the Federal Food Administration, is advising the madding throng to eat more vegetables, more fruit and more fish, in order to conserve the nation's supply of meat and furs, we should like to put in our oar for the product of the American Business Hen. We submit that at prevailing prices of ham and bacon, as well as other cured and fresh meats, eggs are more economical (even at present market quotations) and certainly as nutritious and equally wholesome. Eggs are indeed a valuable article of diet, furnishing a light, easily digestible nutritious food, particularly suitable for breakfast, or any other light meal. Allow for this, they are desirable for people of sedentary habits; in such cases they act as an admirable substitute for meat. Being essentially a nation of beef eaters, the change to other foodstuffs is apt to be gradual and largely a matter of education. And right here it seems to us in a good opportunity for the poultry associations to get busy and inaugurate a campaign of education for their products. A

good start would be to get the Federal Food Administration to advocate the conservation of meat by advising people to eat more eggs. When the great consuming public once learns to appreciate the food value of eggs, the demand will be immeasurably increased. Why not petition brother Hoover to do it, and thereby give the poultry industry a lift?

Clearance Sale Incubators


Aggeler & Mueser Seed Co. offer to their poultry patrons in order to make room in their warehouses for the coming spring first-class NEW INCUBATORS:

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Recent Notable Cartoons.

The Los Angeles Times

Sunday, September 30, 1917.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for The Times Illustrated Magazine.

Like the Germans.

A PROPOS of the murderous German air raids on open towns, a well known public speaker said: "Why the Germans have no more regard for women's and children's lives than the old California justice had for the Chinaman."

"This Chinaman had been killed by a drunken rancher, and the proof against the murderer seemed irrefutable. The justice, however, wound up the case in short order."

"There hasn't no use of this here case goin' to the jury," he said, looking up darkly over his spectacles from a law book. "I've studied all through my law cyclopedy, and there ain't no law nowhere ag'in a man's killin' a chink. Turn the pris'n'er loose, Sheriff. But, say, young feller, don't you go doin' it ag'in'. Some justices is more ignorant than me."—[Washington Star.]

Different Methods.

THE prison visitor on his usual rounds noticed that a new man occupied a cell that had been empty for some time. "My friend," he began, "may I ask what brought you here?"

"The same thing that brought you here," replied the convict: "a desire to poke my nose into other people's business, only I generally used to go in by the basement window."—[Case and Comment.]

John D.'s Charities.

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER, congratulated on his recent \$5,000,000 gift to the Red Cross, said in New York:

"Thank you for your congratulations. So many people, you know, take my giving as a matter of course. I rather put me in the position of the divine."

"This divine was very charitable, and a lady said one day to one of his aged pensioners:

"Wasn't it kind of Dr. Fifthly, on hearing you were ill, to walk six miles to your cottage in all this heat with a big basket of fruit and port wine and chicken and coffee?"

"The old lady frowned in puzzled surprise."

"Kind?" she said. "Why, what's he for?"—[Washington Star.]

Not a Bit of Use.

THERE was some speculation as to whether the instrument would benefit the old gentleman or not. One was holding the ear trumpet, while another was explaining its use and showing old Mr. Shortcash how to hold it to his ear.

"Say something to him through it, Binks," said one to the other.

Now Binks had long waited for an opportunity to reach Mr. Shortcash's ear, so, speaking very distinctly into the trumpet, he said:

"You've not paid me that \$5 you owe me yet, Mr. Shortcash."

But the old gentleman put the instrument down with disappointment on his face, and they could see it was a failure even before he had time to say:

"That thing's not a bit of use to me."

And he sighed, but his sigh was not so deep as that which came from Binks.—[Chicago Herald.]

A Young Financier.

A PRETTY young schoolmarm who teaches a first-grade class in a school of the northwest section of the city is telling a funny story on herself that happened just before the close of the term. She had some visitors on the afternoon in question, and thought she would show them what a good class she had. Calling on a bright little fellow at the rear of the room, she said to him: "Johnny, if I gave you 2 cents and your father gave you 3 cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," promptly replied Johnny.

The teacher blushed painfully, but thought she would try again: "You can't have understood me, Johnny. Now listen, and I will repeat the question. If I gave you 2 cents and your father gave you 3 cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," said Johnny again, and with the same promptness.

"I am surprised at you, Johnny," said the teacher. "How on earth would you have seven?"

"I got two in me pocket," said Johnny.—[Chicago News.]

The Court Paid.

IN HIS earlier years, Lord Morris (afterward Lord Chief Justice of Ireland) was Recorder of Galway. On one occasion the last case on the list—a dispute over a few shillings—was argued before him at great length and with much warmth. Lord Morris was anxious to get back to Dublin, where the courts were in full swing and he held important briefs. Within a few minutes the Dublin train was timed to start. The recorder looked at his watch, but the wrangle did not seem to be approaching an end.

At last he said to the opposing solicitors: "See here, gentlemen, I must catch a train. Here is the sum in dispute;" and throwing down the silver, he vanished from the court.—[Green Bag.]

Cold Congregation.

BILLY SUNDAY told a story at a Brooklyn luncheon about an apathetic Mis-sourian congregation.

"This bunch of preachers," he said, "has wrestled among 'em for thirty-seven years, and never an encouraging word but one has he got in all that time."

"He told me about it with tears in his eyes. He said he was on the way home to dinner when a deacon hailed him. The deacon shook him by the hand and then actually said:

"Ah, parson, that was a beautiful text you preached from Sunday evenin'."—[Washington Star.]

The Chinese Situation.

ONE of Washington's citizens recently saw Admiral Gleaves, the man who drove the submarines away from the Pershing flotilla, walking in civilian clothes. There is an order requiring officers to wear uniform at all times.

The citizen went to Secretary Daniels. "Mr. Secretary," he whispered breathlessly, "I just saw Admiral Gleaves in citizen's clothes. Why is he in disguise?"

"Sh!" said the Secretary. "It's the Chinese situation."

"Chinese situation?" "Yes," replied the Secretary, in all seriousness, "Admiral Gleaves's last clean uniform did not come back from the laundry."—[New York Evening Journal.]

Doubtful Location.

DURING an inquest held in Cincinnati the following question was put to one of the witnesses by the deputy coroner:

"Where was the deceased struck by the motor car?"

Whereupon the witness, a surgeon, replied: "At the juncture of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae."

The deputy coroner looked puzzled. "Will you please point out that on the map?" he asked, indicating one that hung on the wall.—[Case and Comment.]

Definite Information.

THE recruit was both sulky and stupid and strongly resented the inquisitorial character of the questions put to him. At last the sergeant turned to him and sternly said:

"Look here, young fellow, you've got to give a straight answer to questions put to yer. Now, then, where were you born?" Then came the answer slowly, as if the information imparted were grudging.

"London—right hand side, going in."—[Liverpool Post.]

The Novice Scores.

AN OLD farmer was driving along a lane near a golf course, and stopped for a moment to watch the game.

"What's that?" he demanded curiously.

"Golf," replied his town-bred nephew.

"Want to try your hand, uncle?"

"Don't mind if I do," declared the farmer. The nephew pointed to a flag on a hill

250 yards away. "At the foot of that pole," he said, "is a little hole. The object is to put the ball in the hole with the smallest number of strokes."

The farmer took the club, sighted for some time, and then let go a whale of a stroke. The ball soared with a mighty swish into the air, and fled unerringly toward the flag. It fell short, bounced, rolled and wound up a hand's breath from the objective—a phenomenal shot that made the experienced players gasp.

"Hang it all! I missed it!" the farmer exclaimed.—[London Answers.]

He Struck.

A MUD-BEDRAGGLED Tommy was plodding wearily toward the base when a subaltern stopped him.

"Do you know that your regiment is in the front line now? Why aren't you there?" he asked.

"Well, sir," the Tommy explained, "we were just going over the top when the officer shouted: 'Strike for home and glory, lads!' All the others struck for glory, but I struck for home."—[London Answers.]

The Reason.

SENATOR SIMMONS was discussing the proposed war tax on motor car owners. "Making war taxes," he said, "isn't pleasant work. It puts one in the position of the facetious pastor."

"A pastor at Ocean Grove took a little girl on his knee and said:

"I don't love you, Nellie."

"All the ladies on the breeze swept veranda laughed, but little Nellie frowned and said:

"You've got to love me. You've got to."

"Got to? How so?" laughed the divine.

"Because," said Nellie stoutly, "you've got to love them that hate you—and I hate you, goodness knows!"—[Washington Star.]

Contradictory.

"SOCIETY," said the plumber, "is surely a wonderful institution."

"What's a wonderful about it?" the thin carpenter demanded.

"Manners and customs."

"What do you know about manners?"

"I was thinking about the Umsons."

"What about the Umsons?"

"I heard a friend ask him if he usually dressed for dinner."

"Yes—"

"And Umson said he did."

"What's odd about that?"

"Only a day or so ago Umson talked with me—"

"He did?"

"Yes, and I remember distinctly that he told me he preferred his meats without dressing."—[Youngstown Telegram.]

What She Broke.

REGINALD had become a stretcher bearer in the army pay corps, and before going away to take up his duties he asked Angelina to marry him. Angelina loved him, but as she had promised to marry a millionaire the day before, she was too noble to go back on her word, and to Reginald she had perforce to say "No."

"I'm sorry, sorry," she sobbed. "Kiss me once before we part, my love," and she flung herself into his arms.

"My own," she wailed, "have I broken your heart?"

Reginald disentangled himself with difficulty.

"No, Angelina," he said, "only my fountain pen."—[London Answers.]

What She Lost.

"THE coal barons and the steel barons promise to give the people a square deal during war time, but I guess there's no real danger of their going too far and robbing themselves in the people's behalf."

The speaker was Samuel Gompers.

"Yes," he went on, "there's no danger of their acting like the young lady at the shore, who said to her father:

"Papa, I lost my heart on the moonlit beach last night, and accepted old Rake Harduppe. Poor Rake is no longer young. I know, but as I said, I've lost my heart."

"Humph," snorted her father, "I think it's

your head that you've lost."—[Washington Star.]

Lucky It Wasn't Worse.

THE hard luck champion of the Middle West is A. W. Bovey, farmer, living near Mitchell, S. D. Recently while mowing hay a spark from his pipe set fire to the grass.

The flames set fire to nets on his horses' backs.

The team ran to the barn, and on the way the flames caught a 100-acre wheat field and destroyed it.

The horses dashed into the barn with the mowing machine in flames. The barn caught fire.

A heavy wind carried a shingle from the burning barn to several stacks of grain and they were destroyed.

Bovey says he was lucky—he wasn't injured.—[Capper's Weekly.]

Tough on the Master.

THEY had two officers billeted upon them, and every one in the house was determined to prove their appreciation of the men who were fighting for England. Even the parlormaid, anxious to do her bit, valeted both major and lieutenant with devoted skill, brushed and repaired their clothes and refused the idea of tips.

But one day when the major handed her a pair of trousers that required a button she remonstrated. "It's all very well, sir. You give me the trousers and you say put a button on—but you never give me the button. Now, this will be the sixth I've cut off the master's trousers to sew on yours."—[London Answers.]

Why He Didn't Register.

AN INDIANAPOLIS man who makes a practice of bragging about his shortcomings, said that there were just eighty-five reasons why he didn't register for conscription.

"The first one is that I am only five feet one inch tall.

"The second one is that, taking my height into account, I am too fat for my stature."

"The third one is that I have only one arm."

"The fourth one is that my teeth are bad."

"The fifth one is that I am too old."

"Well, what are the other eighty reasons?" he was asked.

"Well, the other eighty don't matter. The five I have enumerated would give me the necessary alibi."—[Indianapolis News.]

Barber Shops for Birds.

AN INDIANAPOLIS mother tells the story of the 4-year-old "pride of the household" who observed a wee bird lying on the sidewalk near their home. It was, of course, without feathers, being very young, and had evidently fallen from its nest among the boughs of the oak tree above.

"Oh, muvver," said the youngster, "I didn't know they had barber shops for little birds. Looky, this one has all been shaved."—[Indianapolis News.]

Wanted it Cut Down.

MRS. STICKITT, a lady notorious for her saving habits, one morning entered the doctor's office, leading by the hand a stoutly built boy of 9 years of age and of exceedingly healthy appearance.

"Well, Mrs. Stickitt," said the doctor, "who's my patient? I don't seem to recognize his face. Not a village boy, is he?"

"No, doctor; my neevy from town."

"Not much wrong with him, I should say," laughed the doctor, pinching his red cheeks.

"It's about his appetite, doctor," said the boy's aunt, in a low voice.

"What?" exclaimed the doctor, staring at the well-fed young patient. "Surely he doesn't need an appetizer?"

"Good gracious, no doctor!" replied the lady, in horrified accents. "I want you to give me something to make his appetite less. He'll eat me out of house an' home afore his month's holiday is up if his appetite ain't cut down!"—[Minneapolis Tribune.]

California Poultry in Australia. By Henry W. Kruckeberg. SQUAB MEAT, HEN FRUIT IN WAR TIMES.

PEPITA ROSA AND THE PRINCE INCOGNITO.

Adventurers, By Maria de Puy de Galeana.

A MOTLEY crowd strained its upturned faces of many nationalities toward the self-important person with the diminutive mustache who, at the top of the rude flight of steps leading into the studio, pencil and pad in hand, looked unseeingly over heads he chose to ignore and chose his favorites from here and there. "You, Bogardis, I want you for a Catholic priest made up and on the set in half an hour. And you, O'Reilly, I want you for a Chinese juggler. Go right down to the costumers; shave off your whiskers and make them into a queue." A laugh ran around at the jest. A stranger paused. "You," said he of the pad and pencil, "come right into my office."

The group of "extras" standing on the sidewalk thinned. Inside the office the man of the pencil and pad was examining his find.

"Glad I found you. Just the type we want. Want you for the Prince Incognito; afterwards you're to be King. Costume's here. No excuses!"

The assistant's voice called outside of the rude dressing rooms. "All on the set in the glass studio." Pepita Rosa added a shade to the already darkened corners of her eyes, arched with rouge the cupid bow of her lips, pressed and gummed her brows into the thinnest of curves, laid the rouge on heavily to accentuate her pretty chin and powdered well the tip of her nose. She shook herself free of fallen powder and took a last look at herself in the broken glass, pink-robbed in billows of silk and spangled embroidery, her youthful neck and shoulders rising above a decollete costume and supporting a head covered with rebellious black curls held in modish subjection. She grabbed a filmy scarf and hurried to the set where blase actors, kindly actresses, and the director himself, all of whom regarded her as scarcely more than a grown-up child, greeted her with smiles and hand-pats.

As the hours passed between the "shooting" of the scenes women shivered in their scant costumes, but Pepita Rosa, warding off too "fresh" compliments and answering jests with naive repartee, found only one fault: that the director had given her an awkward dancing partner for her flying feet. Then, in the scene, she was shifted. The director's, encouraging. "Now, Babe, you can act," sent a tingle through her nerves. A call to arms for the defense of the country had come. Wives and sweethearts clasped their loved ones, in good-by farewells. Pepita Rosa clasped the arms of the Prince Incognito and, gazing soulfully up into his eyes that bent near hers, begged with moving pathos, "Will you, oh, will you come back to me?"

Pepita Rosa was amused and just a little surprised at the vehemence with which the Prince answered, "You bet your life I will," and unclasped her hands from his just as it seemed as if the too realistic Prince was going to kiss her. She laughed at his unprincipally slang and noted with surprise the flush that extended to his hair when she reminded him that they were "only acting."

Pepita Rosa checked the sigh on her mother's lips that night as she related the day's small happenings, with wise assurances beyond her age. "Don't worry, mother dear, about me. I have no faith in any man or in all of them put together. Some day I shall not be a movie actress. That Swedish woman, notwithstanding her exaggerated eccentricity and charlatanism, prophesied I would be one of the great singers of the world. What is it she says? That the voice comes from the back; that the voice is the breath; that the breath is the spirit of God! She will establish a new cult. Mother," said Pepita Rosa sleepily, "let us sing 'O Maria, madre mia, O consuelo del mortal' for a prayer, and go to sleep. Perhaps my voice is in my back and my soul in my feet. The world seems all upside-down and different from what it ought to be. That was all acting on the set day until that ridiculous man seemed to take things too seriously. Then, for a moment, it seemed like real war. I do not think he was an actor. He seemed to be quite a stranger to everybody, but, it seems, he is just the type they want for king. Now."

"O Maria, madre mia, O consuelo del mortal."

And as the sweet voice of Pepita Rosa rang out to the accompaniment of an old guitar, in imagination she pursued the gor-

geons hued butterflies of her childhood as they watted from flower to flower. In a far southern clime she again heard the drone of busy bees as they took their heavy flight from pollen-laden petals. Sunlight filtered through green tree leaves and coo-cooing of wild pigeons to their mates mingled with silver floods of bird music poured forth from wicker and gilded cages whose imprisoned inmates sang to the inviting spring. Long after, as Pepita Rosa's unconfined curls tossed in disorder around her head on the pillow, her mother knelt beside her with her rosary loosely slipping through her fingers. The lights of the city gleamed near and far and the roar of traffic rose from streets. She prayed.

In that far-off southern clime, beneath those azure skies, in that stone-walled, templed city, two dark heads had tossed their curls on white and lacy pillows, in Pepita Rosa's childhood. Now she dreamed of the legendary lore of her old Nana whose tales of two races, centuries old, formed the dramatic background of her fancy. Also her mother dreamed.

The Caleptic beat up the coast, small, decrepit, weather-beaten. She was lightly laden. She had already dropped her live cargo farther down the coast. What she carried of cargo now made up in value what it lacked in bulk. It had been a profitable trip for Jim Ford. In his pocket reposed a slip of paper. Jim took it out and read it. "Martine. The man who sells the drug is Martine. He delivers most of the time in Ensenada. He has poppy fields. And all these men buy from Martine. But they are starting in a few days with a load to Laguna Beach or might stop at San Juan shore, Orange county." This paper and another relating to "some Chinamen who are pearl fishers," on the part of the coast where there are no pearl fisheries, referred to the real business in which Jim, captain of the Caleptic, engaged. Jim's sister, Sofia, touched his arm. Jim indulged in a mild oath at the interruption.

"Jim," said Sofia with a note of determination in her voice, "what are you going to do about the boy?"

"To hell with the boy," answered Jim recklessly. "He's served our purpose in dealings with the natives down at Ensenada. He's had a pleasure trip—and you," Jim grinned. Both Jim and his sister, Sofia, inherited their tall bodies from their Scotch-English ancestor, who was a noble descendant of some ignoble lord, and their dark skins from the Californian Indian woman he had married for her lands. The lands had disappeared with the coming of the Americans. The worthless titles still existed. On the strength of these titles Jim's grandmother had married off her seven daughters, each and every one to an Americano, by promising each in turn and severally—as they presented themselves—that he should inherit all of her vast possessions through the daughter that married to please her. Jim's mother had employed the same tactics with Sofia these many times, and failed. Sofia was ugly, and slovenly, and bad-tempered. She had long since passed her thirty summers. She covered her dark skin under a mask of paint through which she smirked, and affected the high boots and sport suits of a young girl. The boy's curly head—so like Pepita Rosa's—flung back in the cool breeze, displayed the magnificent shape and proportions of a poet and dreamer. Something in the sensitive fullness of the curved lips betrayed his youth and inexperience. Sofia looked across the dirty deck that still bore the scrapings of the arms and ammunition boxes that had formed the principal part of the cargo of the Caleptic on her outward voyage. The hold still smelled of the "Chinks" that had slipped off on her upward trip. They were near the San Juan shore. Jim was impatient. At San Juan was Jim's aunt, married to the shrewd Jew who kept a hostelry. Jim's precious cargo was still to be safely landed and hidden. The "Boy" had been useful in dealing with the natives of La Baja California in Ensenada and thereabouts as the Caleptic took her erratic course, nosing into little-known and unpeopled shores where waiting carts, boats and mule trains took up her heavy cargo and disappeared in foggy darknesses, and small packages of opium were carefully hidden away in her nauseating interior. A rift in the lowering clouds sent a flood of moonlight over the waters and darkened still more, by comparison, the San Juan

shore. The moonlight struck full across the face of the "Boy." Was it the flash of genius that gleamed from his dark eyes—so like Pepita Rosa's in expression—and was his splendid head that of a leader? Sofia only saw the undeveloped, sensuous curves of the boy's lips. "I will marry him," she said determinedly. "He is under age but he shall say he is older and neither padre nor judge shall know!" Sofia's large lips thinned into a hard line. Her brother grunted indifferently. "He might be useful, as in this voyage, to deal with the natives because we— they distrust us because our Americanized accent betrays that we are not of their tierra. Besides, that little sister, Pepita Rosa! Santa Maria Madre de Dios!" exclaimed Jim piously, "but she is a little devil!" Jim devoutly crossed himself. Reverting to the speech of his childhood seemed to awaken in Jim an automatic action of the arm that caused him to unconsciously make the sign of the cross. "I would take her by fair means or foul, the scorn of herself and her mother the Dona notwithstanding. And they have lands, in Mexico. And I would fit out a ship—not this one that is but an ill-luck craft. I am commencing to think now that old Grayson is dead and his sneaking son wants to know to what use I am putting the Caleptic; but I would buy a ship of my own and I would sail to that coral reef where our Spanish ancestor, as good a pirate as ever sailed from Spain, hid the gold of that last voyage. I have the original map and I know just where it is." Clouds drifted across the moon. Night took on a thickness. Pepita Rosa's mother, throughout the night, prayed for her boy while Jim and his sister plotted.

It was a whimsical adventure of Allison Grayson, and he told it to no one. His father's death, after calling him from foreign lands, had left him, as his inheritance, the ranch up the valley and the Caleptic. The former he cultivated according to knowledge gleaned from many lands. The latter—the Caleptic—was giving him concern. Hence his presence in the city; hence his vague wanderings in original research hoping to gain a clew to the illegitimate business of his floating property. Unpleasant insinuations from government agents were mingling with some recent discoveries in his favorite science in his mind on that morning when, as though propelled by an unseen force, he paused in front of the moving picture studio and afterward played the part of the Prince. He had not forgotten that morning, nor Pepita Rosa. He who had traveled the world over found all the world gathered under the canvas roof of the glass studio of a motion picture. He saw her glide airily in and bow mockingly to the director with the grace and aplomb of one sure of herself and of his approval; he saw her parry the jests of some and laughingly rebuke the open admiration of others; through it all he saw her youth and beauty put to earning a livelihood, and her pitiful worldliness worn as a shield. Her eyes the color of dark sea water—what was there in them so like those of the youth captured on the Caleptic as soon as her dirty sides touched shore? The case would come off soon and he, owner of the Caleptic, must appear. He looked off over the expanse of ocean. Below, among the rocks, water gathered and stood in pools, and Allison Grayson remembered the clear sea-greenness of Pepita Rosa's eyes, and the heavy lashes that shaded them, and the mass of thick curls so modestly confined behind the rim of an ancient tortoise comb. And then he remembered the case in court. He looked at his watch. He had just time to catch a train from the beach town into the city. And the boy would be in court as star witness—for which side?

Jim Ford was not grandson of his grandmother who so successfully married off seven unmarried daughters, without some talent as a schemer and a getter-out of difficulties; nor direct and proud descendant of a successful Spanish pirate whose last treasure still lay awaiting him in the far-off southern sea—not to mention the lesser honor of being great-great-grandson of a Scotch-English lord—without knowing how to escape proofs of being an ammunition carrier to forbidden revolutionists and plotters, and a smuggler of undesirable aliens and opium. His mother, Dona Sofia Ruiz de Ford, ample as her daughter and namesake was ungainly, pressed Jim's head to her bosom with motherly affection. Jim was his mother's youngest son.

"And, now, son of my soul," said Jim's mother in the Spanish idiom of California, "that we have spent all you made on this last trip in keeping you out of prison, there is nothing for us to do but marry your sister off to some Americano, now that the Boy has gone back to Old Mexico. Then we will go out on a ranch and raise beans. For that we have good Indian blood. And you will give up the very honorable industry of your Spanish ancestor."

"Madre mia," answered Jim brokenly as he patted his mother's hand—for Jim loved his mother—"It is not the loss of the money I mind so much. But that little sister of Boy's, Pepita Rosa—" And two tears stole from under the dark lashes of Jim Ford y Ruiz and his mother wiped them away. "Come," she said, "and eat of some chicken in mole just as your grandmother prepared it for your grandfather. Only in those days there were maids to grind the chili for the mole and the herbs for the flavoring." The smell of the mole and the odor of the chicken went far to console Jim as he allowed his mother to lead him to the repast prepared for him, her son. The image of Pepita Rosa mingled with plans for turning the soil preparatory to the bean planting, in Jim Ford's mind. No more smuggling—at least for the present—for him.

Pepita Rosa and her mother were both heavily veiled when they appeared in the courtroom. Allison Grayson, notwithstanding his quick strides, lost them from sight. He now reproached himself for his slowness on the morning of the trial. As he had caught a glimpse of Pepita Rosa's face during the momentary lifting of her veil when she greeted her brother affectionately, he saw the striking resemblance between brother and sister. Then they disappeared. Then Grayson was left with the memory of the moving picture studio as a possible clew. He learned that the Boy had returned to Mexico. But Pepita Rosa and her mother? Of them he could learn nothing.

Pepita Rosa and her mother lived the lives of recluses; their only companions were their own sad memories. Alone they faced the vicissitudes of their daily lives. Sorrowfully they took up their burdens.

In the studio the Prince Incognito should appear as King. But where was the King? No one had known him, no phone message could reach him, no one could double for him. The director tore his hair and swore. The assistant director and all of the assistants tore around madly, attempting to appease the wrath of the director. All of the studio, from general manager to newest office boy, felt the enormity of the crisis. Without the King the play was a failure; with the play a failure, the director would lose his directorship; without the director, the company would lose one of its best directors; news of it would reach across the whole United States to the ears of the principals in New York. Then the great public would be deprived of an amusement; how great a deprivation, the public itself would never know.

Grayson's big ranch knew its owner once again. Crops were good; the ranch never had been in finer condition. Grayson's overseer showed him with pride some of the new improvements made during his absence. Grayson was strongly non-responsive, even moody; so it seemed to his overseer. Then Grayson threw some things into a leather valise that bore the marks of many foreign places in many foreign words and took an early morning train for the city. His overseer said to his wife, Martha, "Guess the boss is done crazy to skip out to the city when the lima beans have got to be harvested." Martha gazed far away with far-seeing eyes.

"Do you hear the mocking-bird trilling. Budd, to his mate? And do you see them mountain slides just bursting with the bloom? Do you see the yellow and the blue and the purple of the flowers? And do you hear all Nature's music, just a tune?"

Budd turned in awed admiration. "Gee, Martha, you are great on poetry. I never had enough schooling. But I'm mighty glad you've got it. I hope, if it's a boy—" Budd stopped awkwardly, kissed Martha's rapt, upturned face, then stepped away, half in awe. Before he reached the lima bean fields Budd again looked back at the figure of his young wife and something religious crept into his spirit; that reverence for Nature's creativeness.

Peace brooded over the studio. The di-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

Then You Don't Dance. By A Special Contributor.

ten by Hermione of the Sun Dial? This technically speaking, the American National, punching the bag about authoritative development, phases, self-expression and the Mr. G. Hopburn Wilson, M.B., was as happy like of that may be true enough. Nonetheless as a small boy with a new red sled. All there is more to the sessions than art. Merit around him fellow chorists were slandering

thinks I hear the creak creak of gold.

There is the toddle. We must learn the
toddle. The secrets of the toddle are in the
Pulton figured out the steamboat. The great

hands of the Inner Circle. It follows that we must induce a member of the Inner Circle to part with these precious secrets if we have to rob the baby's bank to do it. And there you are.

"We have to give them something new in this town every year," were his words. "None of the warmed over stuff gets by for a second. Hawaiian music lasted longer than most of our trade. It was insidious. It kind

When approached recently during one of the sessions of the Inner Circle, or, more technically speaking, the American National College of Dancing, in the Melburn Hotel, Mr. G. Hepburn Wilson, M.B., was as happy as a small boy with a new

red sled. All around him follow circleless wheels, and the boys were slapping him on the back—and telling him the toddle was the greatest H invention.

Hello Pals.

only annual output. His is by no means a one track mind. He has invented a pretty good little idea he calls "Hello Pals." Not a song, mind you; a dance. Hear him:

"'Hello Pal' is the successor to our 'Pal Jones.' It is a plain, unvarnished one step, but there is a plus sign after the one step (A sign the clink of puppy gold.) Partners do the one step until at a signal from the muskrat they shake hands and recite a little poem. It goes:

"'Hello Pal, I'm glad to meet you,
I was 'fright smart' of a

Nobly note, the introduction of poetry about that.

"We have to give them something new in this town every year,"

Hello Pals, I'm glad to greet you, etc., etc.

The question is, will those dozens of de-eyed "hoofers" who hang around the temples of Tersiphoire be able to remember the poetry emerging from the with of the sacred

between where their front hair leaves off and their eyebrows begin "Hello Pals" will never become popular with the pinchback boys who brush back their hair with brilliantine or with the cabaret cuties who have their hair coiffed by a barber. How can they be expected to remember two whole lines of poetry when they do not even know Alban in the capital of New York? It is an absurd idea, to be sure, the shaking of hands and the gladsome greetings, ending, if memory does not trick, in a patriotic wheeze of sort. George Co-han may be deceived when he hears about it. That flag pulling stuff has been more or less his own private privilege.

"The pessimists have been doing their best to bury dancing for two years," says the great M. B. "You can't kill a good thing by pronouncing it dead. During the last year I have taught dancing in my studios to 60,000 persons of the very best classes. Most of it was ballroom dancing. I am paid a lesson. Often the pupil tips the instructor another \$5. Figure it out for yourself."

Banker! Banker!

It was suggested that at this rate all the inhabitants of the city who are able to hobble around a floor will be graduate pupils in a short time. Then what is the M. A. going to do for a meal ticket? Why not take them slow and spread them over more and

It seems there is no such fear in the fear of time?

of the dancing master. Long ago he concocted a scheme to keep his supply of silks and pumps up to the maximum strength. When he finishes with the recruits he is going to begin a drive of the seed dancers who imagine they are veterans. There is a heap of setting up to be done. Dancers are slipping and sliding and twirling in the wrong time and place.

"None of the warmed by for a second. Hastened longer than most was ineluctable, it kind Chreia. It follows that am going after."

Mr. Wilson's Good Work.

Hats off to Wilson, M.R. If he is going round up those boys who splay you and then grin cheerfully into your face, or, better yet, the Inner Circle, or, more you give the glare for getting in the way

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The original
"Tollers"
The fastest
dances are
Chinese in theme.



ently more so. By the time you have toddled half way around the hall a baby hippopotamus with fat feet is as graceful as a xiph in comparison with you—or so at least it seems. You know you are just as inconspicuous as a goldfish in Macy's window at lunch time.

ed.

The toddler, friends, is New York's latest dance delirium. As yet the delirium has not become epidemic. The germ of the toddler's first great self in the brain of one Mr. G. Hopburn Wilson, M.B., official delirium of the dance for the Isle of Manhattan. From the dome of this terpsichorean demon the toddler germ rapidly spread to his feet, where it manifested itself in all its violence, throwing forth in a movement half way between a fat suburban gentleman running to catch the 5:55 and a lary phossum that has pitched heavily on Perlimonium.

To get the idea, the reader must be introduced to the toddler's first name—Chinese. If you have seen a native daughter of Tienhsin or therabouts in a hurry to get somewhere and taking it on the run you have seen the outward and visible expression of the toddler

Mr. O. Hepburn Wilson, M.B., has gone about among his fellow "terps" and spread the delirium. He inoculated them with the germ until they too took to toddling. Practically every member in good standing of the Inner Circle has become toddle mad. They will take it back home with them and inoculate others. The whole country will toddle. Once a thing like this starts there is no stopping it.

But first you must know about the Inner Circle.

The Inner Circle is a growing group of serious dancers who combine art and business in a charming partnership, which earns them their three squares, commonly

In New York the girls are getting along without men partners.



annual get together.

"These sessions are organized to yield the teacher the utmost in service and equipment and present to him the very newest and most authoritative developments in all phases of the art of dancing, to the end that the teacher may in turn yield the utmost in service and tuition to the pupils in all phases of the dance."

were his words. "None of the warmed-over stuff gets by for a second. Halloway, William music lasted longer than most of our fads. It was insidious, its kind of music, it was the music of the hands of the Inner Circle. It follows that we must induce a member of the Inner Circle to part with those precious secrets if we are to have to rob the baby's bank to do it. And there you are.

Dance is spelled with a capital letter, just like that. But why all the words, as if we

When approached recently during one of the sessions of the Inner Circle, or, more

CAN YOU DO THE CHINESE TODDLE? NO?

Sunday, September 30, 1917.

Then You Don't Dance. By A Special Contributor.

their wild pedal extremities, he sure deserves the medal for distinguished conduct. It may make times a trifle tough for the chiropodists, once he gets his campaign in full swing, but there will be fewer limps in life, less impulse to commit murder in the first degree.

Did you ever have a pair of satin shoes hopelessly wrecked, a toe crushed into a black and blue mass of pain and disposition twisted out of all semblance of humanity by an agile lout who dances like a pet elephant—one of those profusely perspiring persons who mop their brow with their handkerchief every time they bump the bumps and knock the breath out of another innocent couple? Then, when you are deposited, weak and wilted, in a position of comparative safety they tell you that really you dance quite well. They volunteer to show you a new step if you will give them the second trot. Here is where the murder impulse is born.

Get this guy, dancing masters of America. Get him good. Also get the pump handle species who waves your arm up and down until it is ready to drop off at the shoulder. Get the hoppy woman, who dances as if the floor were built of hot plowshares and kicks her high heels wickedly sideways into the mesh of your best silk hose. Get the girl too who is content to be dragged around the floor like a sack of meal. By so doing you will not only be refining the art, but you will be performing an actual public service. Capitalizing a Craze.

A number of local members of the Inner Circle agreed that while dancing in New York remains one of the keenest of sports, it is not as it was during the craze. The craze is also capitalized. The craze was the great harvest of the dancing teachers of America, the time when their bank rolls were swollen out of all proportion. Bumper crops of pupils stormed at studio doors demanding admission and waving yellowback bills threateningly at the distraught teachers. Today the craze is referred to reverently in terms of the past tense.

Calgary, Alberta, Canada, sent a likely contingent all the way from the wheat and cattle belt of the vast Northwest. The "terps" were instructed to nose about and get any stray crumb of dope they could grab about the trotting tracks.

The Calgary commission is composed of Mrs. Angus McDonald and Miss Marie McDonald, John A. Mason and John H. Penley. Mrs. McDonald looks like a sweet tempered schoolma'am. Mr. Mason resembles a prosperous shoe merchant.

"What do you dance mostly up your way?" was asked. "The Virginia reel, quadrilles and of course the old fashioned hoe down."

"No, we never tried them," said Mr. Mason. "We do not seem to take to anything except the tango, the fox trot, the aeroplane waltz and a few of the modern dances. I believe we are going to like the toddle and the ramble."

"You don't mean to tell me you have those harvest hands and cattle kings doing the tango?"

"I mean exactly that. I have a cowboy who can do an Argentine tango that would

make a Buenos Ayres bean look like a cripple. The boys and girls think nothing of driving thirty or forty miles to take a dancing lesson. Some of them make the trip regularly on horseback."

"Indeed they do," chimed in Mrs. McDonald. "We are a live city up there. Children of ranchers from 3 years up are being taught classic and aesthetic dancing at my academy. My daughter was selected last year from an immense field of contestants to compose the Columbia clog to be done to the music at the college song of Columbia University."

Cowboys Now Tango.

Cowboys doing the tango? Ranch babies fluttering about in wisps of chiffon waving flower wreaths in the air! Where, oh, where are the chaps, the six shooters, the jingling spurs of the movies? And what has become of baby's little red calico mother Hubbard with the sunbonnet to match?

Picture that layout of cow punchers and wheat beltters doing the toddle. It ought to be worth a trip to Calgary to see it. Only when we reached there and crushed in on one of the dancing classes we would probably find a group of dapper young men of strict safety razor habits wearing gold buckles on their belts instead of shooting irons. And the Klondike Kate of dance hall fame would be a demure young debutante in the tulle frock and no jewelry. Gone is the wild West of beloved fiction. Broadway and the main street of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, are sister streets at heart.

Dancing in the South.

An echo from the South, like a breath of star jasmine in a wilderness of sunflowers and poppies. Miss Birdie Baber-Blackshear of Macon, Ga., talked about dancing in the South. Miss Birdie Baber-Blackshear—the name is a picture in itself—resembles nothing so much as a cameo in a window of blazing stones.

"Without meaning to be disloyal I'm afraid we are forty years behind in dancing as we are in most things," said Miss Birdie. One could not help getting the impression she sort of gloried in the admission. "We do not take readily to the new dances. We seem to prefer the one step, the waltz, a mild fox trot. A few of us have taken up the tango."

Some one has been handing Miss Birdie the bunk. That is all we do in New York. It became my duty to tell Miss Birdie so.

"Really? I'm glad to hear it and surprised too," she smiled. "I thought maybe we were lagging. You see we never dance in restaurants or public places. We dance only in our homes or private ballrooms. Class distinction is more rigid in the South. The old southern aristocracy does not mingle socially with the newcomers. Consequently they do not see new ways of self-expression. This is a silly idea, of course. I do not believe in it, but I must abide by it, to an extent."

"My studio is my grandmother's old home in Macon. With me is my sister, Miss Mary. She is the soul of the studio. I am the body. She composes beautiful poetry, which our pupils interpret in the dance."

"How long have I been teaching in Macon? That I dare not tell. I have as my pupils the debutante daughters of my schoolmates. My friends of girlhood days come to me, middle-aged women who have the looks and manners of their years. They grow furious with me. 'How do you do it?' they ask. 'I dance,' is my reply."

True enough. Miss Birdie Baber-Blackshear of Macon, Ga., has the eyes of youth. She has the form of it. She has the heart of it. A few minutes after her confession she was out on the floor writhing and twisting in the toils of a Gertrude Hoffman number being taught by a brisk young woman in shirtwaist and skirt.

What They Do in Pueblo.

All the way from Pueblo, Colo., came M. E. (Billy) Madden to get a hammer hold on the new dance steps.

"Do they go in for hoofing down your way?" was asked.

"Do they go in for it? They eat it alive," roared Billy. "I own the only dance hall in the town. I've divided the herd up until I have kind with kind. That makes it easier to handle them. One night I have the swells of the town, and the next night I have the boys who don't go much on manicuring their nails or such like. They all have a rousing good time. I teach the new dances to them all. You ought to see the miners go after that fox trot. They do everything but pull down my hair. If I don't come home with a new one for them they'll raise a yell you can hear right across to New York. What they want is something with plenty of pep in it. They like to tear loose."

Billy, who has an Irish imagination and the blarney that goes with it, then proceeded to decorate all hands with a miniature silver shoe dangling at the end of a pin. He swore by the banshee it was a "fairy shoe," moulded from metal which was originally in the castle of his ancestors in Ireland. The fairies had brought the metal to the castle and left it there as a gift. Any one who will pin the shoe to his right foot when dancing will immediately crowd Irene and Vernon right off the floor. A crowd of visiting Circleites were going to the Palais Royal that evening to give the fairy shoes a tryout.

A. Ellis Smith of Rochester, N. Y., contributed some heel-taps from up State.

"The craze was on the wane in Rochester until I figured out a way to revive interest," said Mr. Smith. "The idea used to be to pick out the best dancer in the school and try to imitate her or him. This made dancing deadly dull. So I conceived the notion of urging each pupil to express his own individuality in dancing. It worked like a charm. 'It is interesting to note the emotions of dancers thus expressed.'"

"At first the pupils were shy. They were afraid to be conspicuous. Almost every dancer is self-conscious. If he makes a mistake he thinks the whole world is watching him. I tried to impress upon them the fact that every one on the floor had the same idea, so they were safe. Everybody is too busy with his own dancing to bother about the others. Alone in the world, that is the slogan. If you can get a pupil to thinking

of himself as alone in the world you can do anything with him."

This may be all very well for Rochester, where emotions are not so violent, but how about New York? Look over the dancers at the next cabaret you visit and picture what would happen if they all began to express their own individuality.

The tall, slender creature with the chalk white face and the smeared carmine lips would begin vamping all over the place. The blond doll with the pale eyes would burst into giggles and meaningless gyrations. The woman with the double decker chin who is plainly jealous of her husband would break away from her partner, spurt across the hall and bury her heavily ringed fingers in the chestnut curls of the professional hostess. The tall boy in khaki would squeeze the girl in blue so tight they would have to do their dancing standing still. The languorous lady with the love light in her eyes would lay her hand on a broad right shoulder.

The individuality clause would never do with us.

Dancing masters are not eccentrics with gold teeth and perverted haberdashery. At least those of the Inner Circle are not. When seen in action during the convention which gave birth to the toddle and the ramble they wore their suspenders on the outside of their shirts and went to the Highland fling as expounded and executed by Frank H. Norman, teacher of vice-royalty in Canada, privileged to dance before King George of England. Canada.

"Dancing is in abeyance in Canada," said Mr. Norman. "All of our boys are at the front. Many of the families are in mourning and so are not dancing. We haven't the heart to do it, with the flower of our young men either fighting over there or returning maimed, sick, wounded. The few who were left to dance have been caught by conscription. I anticipate very little dancing this year. It is better to make the Germans dance to the tune of our bullets than to do any parlor dancing on our own account."

Thanks for the tip, Mr. Norman. If the dancing men of America will follow the lead of their superiors in the art, notably Maj. Wallace McCutcheon, late of the New York night life, and Vernon Castle of the Royal Flying Corps, they will give running lessons to Germans instead of dancing lessons to Americans. Keep the dance alive, but hold it in abeyance. A good way to learn the Highland fling would be to join the Kilties.

"I don't think New Yorkers are such good dancers," remarked a lady teacher from somewhere in Missouri. "I watched them at Rector's the other night and I thought most of them were far from smooth."

"Just so," retorted a local member of the Circle. "But please remember you were not seeing New Yorkers dance. New York is not in town just now. It is in the country, the mountains, at the shores. You saw dancers from St. Jo, Mo.; Walla Walla, Wash.; Dallas, Tex.; Muncie, Ind.; and Cedar Rapids, Iowa. If you want to see New York dance strike us around the holidays."

"Maybe you'll see us toddling the toddle as it should be toddled." Maybe.

The First Appearance of Ten Famous Actresses.

BY MAY C. RINGWALT.

OF ALL the first-appearance stories of famous actresses, none is more delightfully naive than that of Minnie Maddern Fiske.

A mere toddler was the cunning Minnie, or little Marie as she was then called, when the footlights first flashed upon her baby eyes. At the time, her actress mother was playing in New Orleans and on going to the theater had left her small girlie sound asleep at home. But the colored nurse in charge proved unreliable and the child, waking up and finding herself alone, got out of bed and, in spite of many baffling complications, managed to dress herself. Then she started on the Great Adventure to find mother. The theater was only a block away, and strangely enough no one took any detaining notice of a child alone on the street at night. So little Marie arrived at the stage door, opened it, passed successfully through the wings, and toddled on the stage. And, oh, what a wonderful way for the Great Adventure to end! There was mother dressed as a beautiful fairy coming out of the heart of a water-lily!

But in very many cases, it was not by accident that great actresses-to-be made a first appearance during the wee small years of their lives.

Mabel Taliaferro, our dear Polly of the Circus, began her stage career at two and a half, as Baby Bascom in Blue Jeans.

Ellen Terry made her debut at 8, as Mamillius in "A Winter's Tale." Think of the distinction—a Shakespearean role and a superb red and silver costume! Eight-year-old Ellen did not tread the boards, she walked on air. Alas, it was a case of pride before a fall—a literal fall flat upon a small back. For the little lad Mamillius dragged after him a darling go-cart, the exact copy of a child's toy on a Greek vase, and when told to run and play, awkwardly tumbled over its handle, sprawling backward upon the stage floor in a most ignominious manner. Alla Nazimova, born in the Crimea, made her first bow to the public at 12, not as an actress, but as a violinist of great promise, her decision to take a dramatic course when sent the next year to study music at the Conservatory at Odessa one of the surprises fate sometimes springs upon an astonished world.

Ruth St. Denis, born on a New Jersey farm, made her first appearance in an amateur performance of "The Old Homestead," given in a district schoolhouse, taking the part of Whistling Joe, while between acts she presented some "Exercises in Delsarte."

Surprises in contrast might be called the interesting fact that Marie Doro began her career as a member of a chorus of a musical comedy and that Fritz Schaff began hers by singing in grand opera—as Juliet in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."

But talking of surprises, what could be a more electrifying one than the story that Lole Fuller made her first appearance before the public by saying her prayers on the platform of the Chicago Progressive Lyceum at a Sunday afternoon meeting! It was during an interval between the exercises when, entirely on her own initiative, the child Lole slipped out her seat, climbed to the platform, made a pretty bow to the amused audience, knelt down, said her evening prayer as her contribution to their entertainment, then, on her return to her chair, not daring to attempt the steep steps leading from the platform in any other way, sat down and slid.

Margaret Anglin's dramatic talent drew its first impassioned breath in a French convent where the young girl was being educated, and at 17 she "defied parental authority" and came to New York to study in a dramatic school, making her debut in "Shenandoah."

On the other hand, Viola Allen never

dreamed of a stage career until it was thrust upon her by an emergency call. Esmeralda was having a wonderful run at the Madison Square Theater when Annie Russell, the leading lady, was taken suddenly ill. Viola Allen's father, a member of the company, and the manager, putting their worried heads together decided that the talented Viola could take the part. This she did most successfully at a Fourth of July holiday performance.

The Worries of a Housewife.

[Zim, in Cartoons Magazine:] Women are given to worry more than are men. When anything threatens to worry a man, he finds solace in the little brown jug. But women cannot look adversity in the face with such calm abandon. They are not built that way. As near as I can make out, it is a difference in temperament. Woman is more highly organized than man. Her nervous system is much better developed. If you notice a look of worry on your wife's face and ask, "Well! What's up today?" she sighs and says, "Oh, dear, dear! Everything's up. We're getting old and shabby and the house is becoming dreadfully dilapidated, and now to cap the climax I've broken my mop stick!"

[11]

TRUE TALES OF AMERICANS IN TRENCHES

Heroes of Romance.

"Crane" Gave the ambulance aviation.

PARIS.—Legionnaire Billy Thoria is a character out of a thrilling book of adventure come to life. Billy was born on a wheat ranch near Canton, S. D., and christened Daniel William. Peaceful farm life did not appeal to him, however, and at the age of 14 he set out to see the world "on his own."

The roving blood of hardy Viking ancestors called Billy to the sea, and he shipped as cabin boy on a Pacific tramp steamer. Since that day Billy has been a wanderer, and has seen adventure on most of the waters and lands of the earth.

He served for a time in the United States navy, and as a marine on a Chinese gunboat fought yellow pirates and opium smugglers. He knows well the republics of South America, and the langorous sales of the South Seas.

Billy's narrow escape from death in his eventful career, before he became a Legionnaire, was in Mexico. He was fighting with the so-called regular troops. A detachment was pursuing a rebel band. Billy and a comrade started to investigate a hut which stood away from the road. Billy went around one side the hut and his comrade around the other. When Billy reached the front, the headless body of his comrade was lying in the dust before the door. Billy pushed the door open, and a machete descended on his hand, nearly cutting it off.

Somewhat or other, Billy strangled the Mexican who was behind the door with his naked hands. Firing began outside, and he left the house and started to run. A bullet passed through both his cheeks, but Billy did not pause. As he reached the road, a second bullet struck him in the thigh and he fell.

Billy regained consciousness in the military hospital at Fort Howell, N. M. Americans passing in an automobile had picked him up and hurried him across the border. When Billy recovered, he shipped for Australia. After a time there he sailed for England on an Italian vessel. When the ship reached Liverpool, war had been declared, and Billy and a chum decided to come to France and join the Legion.

The Italian captain brought the boys to Bordeaux, and at that city took them into a cafe to drink to their good fortune. One drink led to another, and the next day Billy and his companion woke up at sea, bound for Chile.

When the ship reached Africa harbor, the comrades beat up the captain who had shanghaied them, then served two months in a Chilean prison for the offense. After that they waited for a ship back to France. The night before they were to sail, Billy's chum was murdered by Germans living in Africa, who did not relish the idea of anyone joining the Legion to fight against their Kaiser. In June, 1915, Billy joined the Legion. He reached the front just in time for the Legion's charge in the Bois Sabot, September 25. At the start of the charge he was wounded, yet refused to go to the rear. Struck later, a second time, he fell unconscious and was reported dead. But Billy turned up later at a hospital. Cured, he returned to the front, hoping for another attack. He has scores to settle with the Germans. He is settling them.

A Western New York "Bucky" O'Neill

Herbert Edwin Hall was a type of the adventurous American found in the ranks of the Legion. Hall was born in Western New York, near Buffalo. He received a technical education and while yet in his teens went to Chicago, where he worked for a number of years with a large automobile concern, first as an expert mechanic, and later as a salesman.

Always active and fond of adventure, Hall came to France on a cattle boat directly after the outbreak of the war, enlisted in the Legion and was sent to the depot of the First Regiment at Lyons for training. He was at the time about 35 years old, a blue-eyed, dark-haired man, rather short and stocky built. Because of his mechanical ability, he was placed in the machine-gun section, being the only American in the section.

The life of a recruit during his period of training is neither very exciting nor interesting. The days are monotonously alike, allied with long marches, tireless drills and arduous tasks. The training for the machine-gun operation is unusually long, and

Hall complained loudly when detachments departed for the front in January and March, and he was left behind.

Hall was overjoyed when, shortly after the battle north of Arras, he was entrusted for the front with a detachment to fill out the ranks which had been so depleted in the fight.

The First Regiment remained a short distance behind the front for about three weeks after Hall's arrival in the north. Finally, the men were told that the next day the regiment would lead a grand assault against the German trenches around the Cabaret Rouge and Hill 119. In a letter Hall wrote that day he expressed himself as highly pleased that at last he was to see action. From hearing the stories of comrades who had spent some time at the front, Hall had become as bitter against the enemy as the most outraged Boer, and he was anxious to operate his machine gun against them.

One morning the Legionnaires left their trenches and charged the German lines. The assault was successful and the foe was pushed out of his first, second and third line of defense in rapid succession. After being pushed over the crest of Hill 119, which had been the scene of a desperate battle, the Legionnaires began making counter-attacks.

Under a heavy fire of shrapnel and a machine gun, Hall's section rushed up to the captured German trenches and set up its guns to help in holding the conquered ground. It was now afternoon; the Germans were being held back but had thrown up temporary trenches, from which they kept up a constant fire at the French.

The Legionnaires were in captured trenches, and as what had been the unprotected year was now the attacked front, they were poorly sheltered. It was necessary to crouch low to be safe, but Hall persisted in putting up his head every few minutes and looking over towards the Germans.

"Keep your head down," advised his sergeant. "I will not duck my head for any damned Boche," replied the American. A few minutes later a bullet crashed through Hall's brain.

It is a curious fact that almost exactly the same thing occurred to and killed the famous Capt. "Bucky" O'Neill of Roosevelt's Rough Riders during the Spanish war.

Fortunes of War for a Chicago Man

It's the fortunes of war, my boy," Rene Phelliot would invariably remark, when one of his comrades of the Foreign Legion complained of one of the thousand and one trials of trench life.

Phelliot, who was from Chicago, had been an expert elephant killer before joining the Legion. Accustomed to outdoor life and hardships by his years in the African jungles and deserts, he made an excellent soldier and was much help to his comrades.

Battalion C, in which was Phelliot, had been resting for a few days at Cully-la-Chapelle. The night before the battalion was to return to the trenches two men of the machine-gun section began making disparaging remarks about the American volunteers in the Legion.

Phelliot repeated the remarks, and offered to fight both the veterans, so the three men, followed by many spectators, went into the courtyard.

The fight started well for Phelliot. He speedily knocked down one of his adversaries and was severely punishing the other. At this moment a third Legionnaire, a friend of the two Phelliot was fighting, entered the courtyard. Seeing one of his friends sprawled out on the ground, and the other about to join him there, the newcomer ran up behind Phelliot, and swinging by his leather strap his two-litter metal bidon which was filled with wine, he struck him a

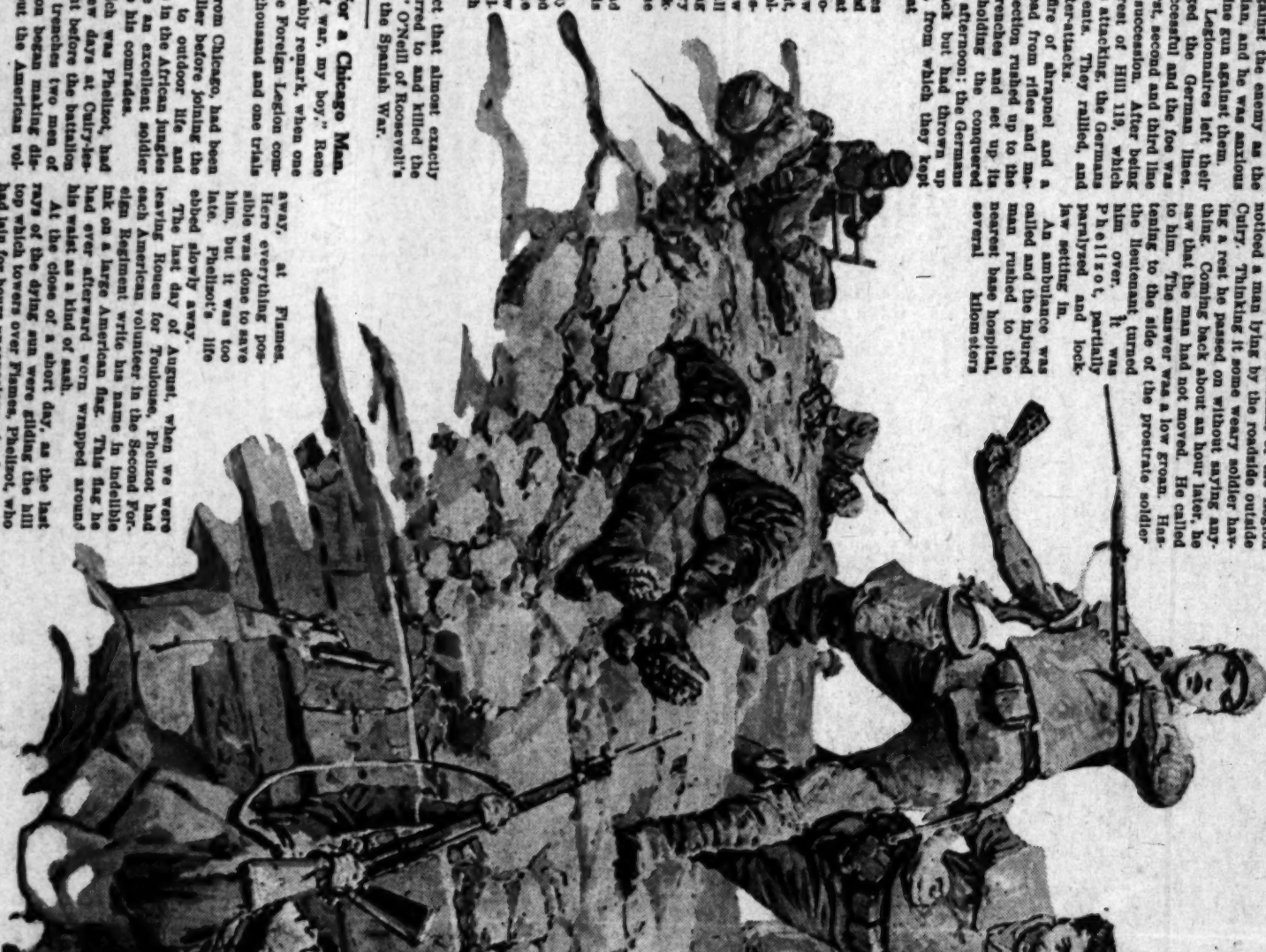
crushing blow on the head. Phelliot fell unconscious.

Carried into a room, Phelliot revived, but suffered all night an intense pain in the head. The next night he marched back to the trenches with his company. The pain in his head increased, however, and on the second morning the sergeant of the section ordered him to go to the infirmary. Phelliot must have suffered intense agony, but he made the five kilometer trip to Cully alone, and presented himself at the infirmary.

After an examination, the doctor declared that he found nothing wrong with Phelliot and ordered him back to the trenches. Phelliot walked out of the infirmary and started up the road leading to Chateau Blanc Sablon and the trenches.

A little later, a lieutenant of the Legion noticed a man lying by the roadside outside Cully. Thinking it some weary soldier having a rest he passed on without saying anything. Coming back about an hour later, he saw that the man had not moved. He called to him. The answer was a low groan. Having seen the side of the prostrate soldier him over. It was Phelliot, partially paralyzed and lock-jaw setting in.

An ambulance was called and the injured man rushed to the nearest base hospital, several kilometers



What Became of the Fat Dog?

The Foreign Legion is beyond a doubt the best-fed corps in the French army. There is a saying, well known throughout the army, which, roughly translated, is "The Legion likes to fight, but it must be fed."

The bill of fare of the Legion is the same as in the line regiments, but the allowance of meat, vegetables, coffee, etc., per man is larger. Especial pains are taken to provide plenty of food, and with an great variety. A short explosion killed two men of the

MODERN TRENCH

This represents the second phase of a modern battle shelter of the barbed wire. The barrage fire is the reinforcement of the men attacked in the front during the war, the men have gone for days with no food other than the small reserve ration each man carries.

After the great charge made by the Legion against the fort in the Bois Sabot, the remnants of the Legion were pulled back and quartered in reserve trenches. These trenches were continually bombarded.

THE FOREIGN LEGION IN FRANCE.

By Paul Rockwell.

machine gun section and a mule used for carrying ammunition. The men were at once carried away to be buried and within half an hour after the explosion of the shell the carcass of the mule had been sliced up into steaks by the Legionnaires. The mule-steak lovers rushed up in droves, pushing each other aside and disputing as to who best knew how to carve a mule steak.

In the First Regiment were a Chinaman from Tonkin and a huge, coal-black Abyssinian negro who were great comrades. While the regiment was north of Arras, for a great offensive, these two men were among those quartered in a hamlet near Aubigny. A family living in the hamlet had a black-and-tan terrier, of which they were very fond. This dog had been pampered and overfed, until he was extremely fat.

Two days after the arrival of the Legion the dog disappeared. A lieutenant, billeted with the owners, was asked to make a search for the missing canine. Strolling on the outskirts of the hamlet, he noticed the Chinaman and the Abyssinian roasting a

edible will find some one with an appetite for it in France's famous picked corps of fighting men of all nations.

The Greek Who Died for France.

There were forty of us in the big room at the Caserne Perlemon, Toulouse. Twenty-eight nationalities were represented, and every class of society, from a young baron, a section of one of Norway's oldest families, who had emigrated in the Legion from a sincere desire to help France, down to a dirty, fat, shop-keeping Turkish Jew, who candidly stated that he was a volunteer because it would help his business after the war.

There was a Shingalese, a Pittsburgh millionaire, a native Egyptian, a New Orleans negro barber; there were sailors, writers, artists and thieves. A more conglomerate

stew for the mess from the kitchen, but seeing my fatigue, the Greek insisted on going for me. After eating, he washed out the greasy "marmite," which is the final proof of devotion in the Legion.

The Greek was unfortunately slow about learning to drill. On the rifle range his work was perfect, but he could not march in step or make the "demi-tour." To his sorrow he was put in the awkward squad, and left at Toulouse for further training when the rest of us went to the front.

As we marched out the caserne grounds, proudly in step and with band and bag-bearing leading us, I saw the little Greek, with fully standing near the gate, in a group of rookies clad in dirty white exercising suits. He waved me a smiling good-by.

..... on the First Foreign Regiment charged the Germans north

of Arras they drove them rapidly back. The Legionnaires advanced by leaps and bounds, taking advantage of every shelter from the terrific machine-gun fire.

Kim Rockwell and Paul Pavella were fighting along the Bethune-Arras road, and paused for a rest at a place where the banks were high.

Suddenly, down the road from in front of them, there came running a soldier in the uniform of the Legion. He was bloody, and as he neared the two Americans, Kim recognized him as the little Greek of Toulouse.

The Greek reached his comrades, then, waving his hands with a dramatic gesture, cried, "Vion-taire Grec, mort pour France," and fell in a heap at their feet.

Negro in Rank.

Among the volunteers in the Legion during the present war have been several negroes from the United States. One or two of them have made good soldiers, but the American black does not distinguish himself for fearless courage in the combat, as does the native African.

Shortly after the Champagne offensive I visited the American ambulance at Neully. A nurse told me that in one of the wards was a real negro from the United States, with the appropriate name of John Brown.

I went in to see the negro. He had a real Georgia cotton field face, and seemed sadly thrown together in out of place in a French hospital. I asked him how he came to be in the Legion.

"Well, it's disaway, Cap'n," he replied. "You see I've one of dese fellows wif more curiosity den what I got brains, so I joined de army. But Cap'n, my curiosity is shore dun satisfied." He further explained that he had been in France "in de music bush" since some months before the war.

John told how he was hurt. "I was running along dere in Champagne, when one of dem Jack Johnsons hit right 'side me. It lifted me right up in de air, and I fell in a trench. Mighty deep trench, and too, for seemed like I was falling pretty nigh an hour."

The fall paralyzed John and he was still in hospital the last I heard of him. My last visit to the camp of the Legion at La Valbonne, I made the acquaintance of Jimmie Bracy, a gingerbread colored darky, who hails from Portsmouth, Va. Jimmie came to Bordeaux on a cattle boat, got stranded and applied to the United States Consul for aid. The Consul suggested that Jimmie go into the Legion, as the negro was a bad sailor and didn't crave a quick return Japan.

step across the Atlantic. So Jimmie joined the Legion.

Upon arriving at La Valbonne and hearing tales of the front told by the veterans, Jimmie decided that the life of a soldier was not for him. So he began walking cross-legged and reporting at sick call every day, saying that he had rheumatism in his feet. The doctor was taken in at first by Jimmie's weebegone appearance, and put him on the list as exempt from service.

A few nights later, Jimmie was in the "Poyer du Soldat," when Dubois, an American volunteer, who is "some piano-man," seated himself at the piano and began playing American rag. Jimmie had difficulty in keeping still. Finally, Dubois started up "On the Mississippi" and the darky couldn't stand it no longer. Climbing up on a table, he gave a first-class exhibition of old Virginia buck and wing dancing.

Embossed in "shaking his feet," and fairly reveling in the delightful applause of his comrades, the dancer did not note the entrance of two officers and the doctor. The latter watched the darky's performance with interest, and applauded loudly, but the next day Jimmie was back in ranks with the other boys. His pretext of "lame feet" did not keep him from seeing the first-line trenches, but before the Legion attacked in the Somme Jimmie found a regimental doctor who was not "on to him," and so successfully feigned "lame feet" that he was sent back to a hospital and not into the bayonet charge.

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Government Side Lines.

There are foreign municipalities as well as foreign governments that do not think it beneath them to add to their revenues by "a side line or two."

The city of Paris, for instance, increases its revenues by a few francs each year in the cultivation of a little state orchard in the Luxembourg gardens, and the same municipality also takes its share of the receipts of the Eiffel Tower.

A curious revenue accrues to the city of Palermo, which makes commercial use of its snows from the mountains. The Sicilian snow is brought down at night in baskets and shipped to the neighboring towns, where it is sold for refrigerating purposes.

The Greek government has a most profitable side line in its monopoly in playing cards, from which it derives a handsome income.

The Russian government once undertook, to its profit, a deal in junk. It was just after the Crimean War, when for months old iron, shot and shell were picked up around Sebastopol. A regular trade in this junk sprang up, thousands of tons being sold. Finally it struck the government that the idea was such a good one that it would take a hand itself. It thereupon intervened between buyers and sellers, imposing a tax of 10 cents per hundredweight. It was estimated that the imperial government profited in this way to the extent of \$50,000.

The Bluffer.

[Washington Star.] Gen. Goethals said in Washington not long ago:

"The new German Chancellor's demand for a peace of victory is bluff, pure bluff. It reminds me of a Panama Canal digger—only the digger's bluff was more amusing."

"This digger, who called himself the Mississippi Whale, claimed to be the champion long-distance swimmer of the Canal Zone. His claim was disputed by the Georgia Submarine, and finally a match was arranged between the two men."

The Submarine turned up at the appointed time and place in the usual swimming trunks and goggles, but the Whale turned up with a large oil-stove strapped on his back, while in waterproof pockets around his neck there were arranged bread and bacon, sugar and coffee, flour, lard and other staples.

"The Mississippi Whale with his equipment of provisions looked in astonishment at the empty-handed Georgia Submarine. "What's yo' vittles?" he demanded. "Vittles? What I want vittles for?" the Submarine stammered. "Say," said the Whale, "don't you ask me for nothing on the way over. Mah fast stop is San Francisco, an' mah second stop's



GERMAN FIGHTING.

modern battle. The attackers have advanced behind the barrage fire has now lifted to the second trench to prevent the first trench.

Lo- fair-sized animal over a slow fire. "What animal are you cooking?" the Lieutenant demanded.

Lo- "A pig we have bought, my Lieutenant."

Lo- The Lieutenant saw a black-and-tan skin lying on one side, but he passed on without further comment. Every variety and type of mangled being on which the pig "marmite" or meat represented in the Legion, anything at all my day to bring the pig